RISING UP ANGRY

WINTER 1970 — 25 cents — VOL. 1 NO. 5

TO LOVE WE MUST FIGHT

CITY OF CHICAGO - INCORPORATED 4TH MARCH 1837

Wishing you Health and Happiness

for Christmas and the New Year

Mayor and Mrs. Richard J. Daley

and Family

A MESSAGE FROM

RISING UP ANGRY

TO THE BROTHERS

AND SISTERS

ON THE DEATH OF

CHAIRMAN FRED HAMPTON

We're standing on the end of '69, moving into the 70's. But where do we stand? Chairman Fred Hampton of the Black Panther Party was just murdered. How do we, the white brothers and sisters, relate to that? Do we say "well that's what happens when you stand up to the man?" Do we say just "another nigger gone?" Or do we see it as a man who "stood up in the midst of fascist gestapo forces and declared, 'I am a revolutionary.' " We'd better see it that way, 'cause that's where its at.

A man like Fred doesn't become a revolutionary for the hell of it; there's a reason, the same reason that has always moved men and women to fight for revolution. People have always been used by the rich. The Capitalists who run this country are pushermen, pushing the bad dope of the schools, churches, army, newspapers and on radio and t.v. They addict us to their lies, keep us working to make payment on their bullshit.

But people start to fight back. The man tries to isolate them, even murder them, hoping to keep his thing together. He gets desparate, blaming the revolutionaries for the problems he himself created. But revolutionaries didn't create the disease and they didn't make it spread. The people are getting burned and revolutionaries fight to stop it, to show the way. The people begin to get the spirit and men like little Hitler Hanrahan try to destroy it—— by isolation, jail or death, killing men like Fred. But the spirit grows.

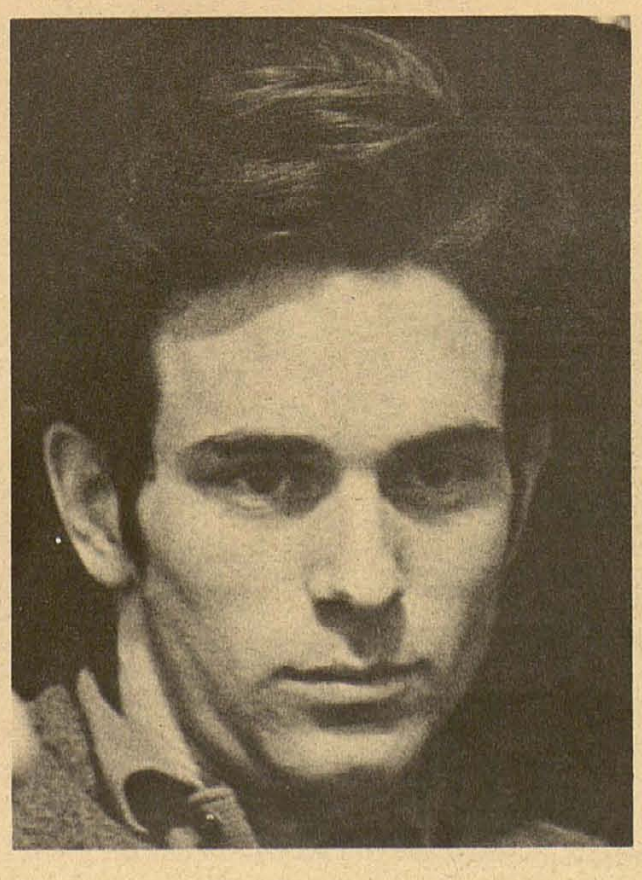
When a leader like Fred gets murdered many people become angry (with rage) and strike out. That's what black kids are doing. Its natural. But some of us whites get hit in the reaction. Some of us take it the wrong way, blaming blacks instead of the motherfuckers who killed Fred. Things like this will happen again and unless we make it clear where we stand we'll get hit again and we won't understand. Its time to make it clear that we white kids know where we stand——we stand against pigs like Hanrahan, Daley, Nixon and their pigs.

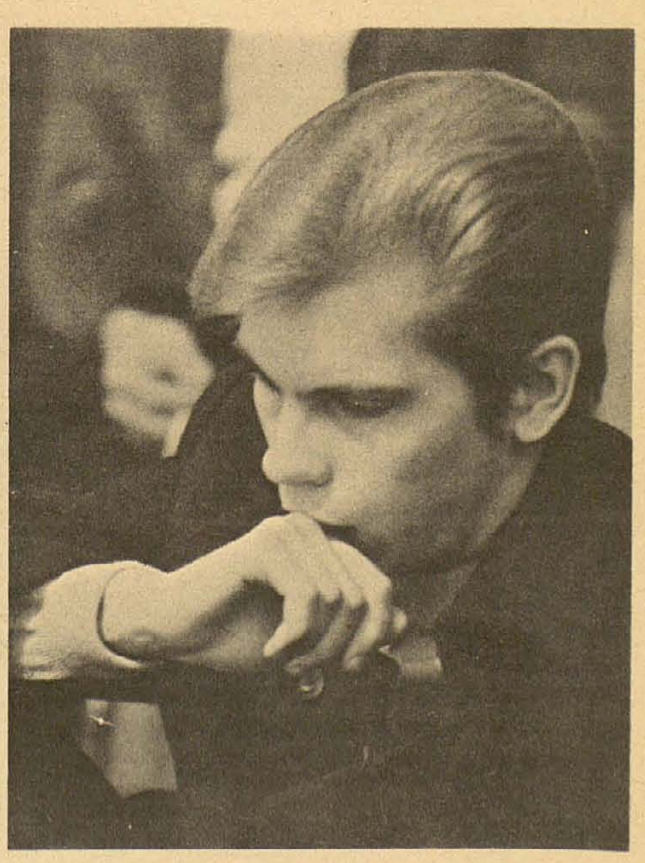
The time is getting late; we can't go on hiding, pretending things will work out somewhere around the corner, pretending that we're satisfied. We can't keep playing into the man's hand——white on black, black on white, white on white. Playing the man's game means we can't get no satisfaction. So let's stop a minute and figure out where we stand, where we've got to stand.

The scene is going to get rougher; the music's going to get harder and louder. A lot of different people are going to be taking their frustrations out on each other. But that won't lead us nowhere. We need to find our way; revolutionaries show the way--revolutionary grease, revolutionary blacks, revolutionary latins and revolutionary hippies. We'd better listen to what revolutionaries are saying because we've only got one time to live and we'd better make it good. We'd better figure out who are our friends and who are our enemies.

Blacks aren't our enemies. Sure, some of us have trouble with blacks, and we aren't advocating no gripping when a scene gets tight. But if a white brother gets messed over by a white, we don't go after just any white. But too many times we get into it with blacks and someone says "lets get a nigger——any nigger." This is bullshit. No brothers and sisters, don't grip, fight if necessary, but come through it knowing who the real enemy is. Think back on when we were young; some of our best friends in life are cats we once fought, once wanted to do in. That's where its at with blacks. They aren't our real enemy; if either of us are going to make it we have to do it together.

We've got needs in common; we've both got a place in the sun. It won't be easy to get to. It'll only come through the Peace of Revolution, the peace of people digging themselves, digging each other, building together to become strong and tough, to become one. Its either the Peace of Revolution, or to run, confused, living a frantic life without love. Because to love we must fight! Revolutionary grease gonna do it; all kinds of brothers and sisters gonna do it. Chairman Fred did it! Yeah, he died, but he lived for something. Too many people die for nothing.

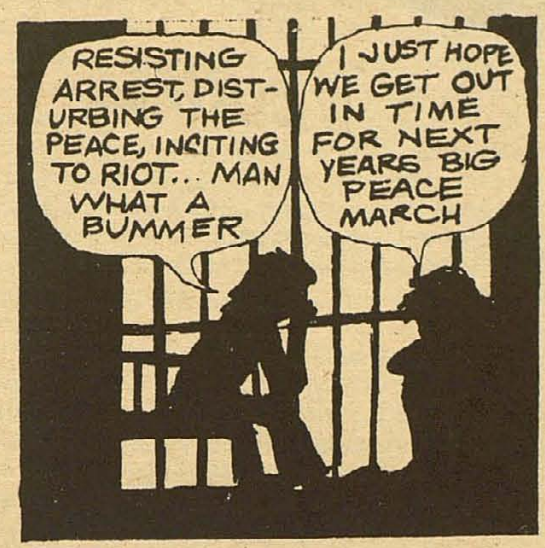




"IF YOU WANT PEACE YOU GOT TO FIGHT FOR IT"

FASCIST FUNNIES

BY BLOOD BROTHER


RESISTING ARREST, DISTURBING THE PEACE, INCITING TO RIOT... MAN WHAT A BUMMER
I JUST HOPE WE GET OUT IN TIME FOR NEXT YEARS BIG PEACE MARCH

Revolutionary Grease, including brothers and sisters from Rising Up Angry, Corp, and the Southwest side, went to the November march against the war in Washington D. C. There were over 500,000 people there - peaceniks, liberals, students and pigs. There were revolutionaries too, but they were way outnumbered by the people who think you can end war by just marching and saying 'peace, peace'. We were the only grease, and we made it clear we were 'revolutionary grease.' It blew people's minds.

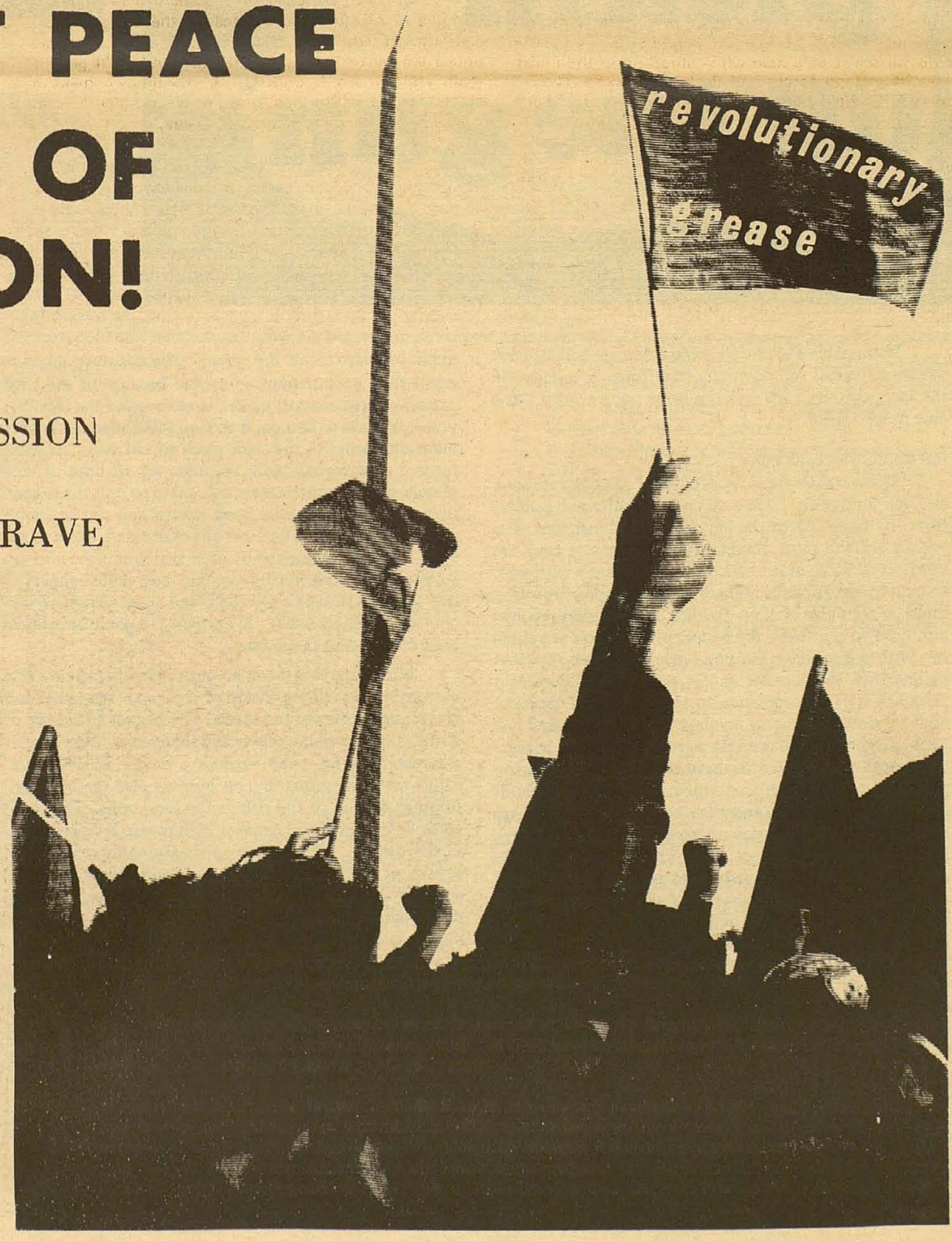
Most of the peacenik types went along only with the 'approved' activities - marches along approved routes and rallies with the national anthem and prayers. When the revolutionaries tried to protest the war and the conspiracy 8 trial at the Justice Dept. they were met with heavy tear gas as they were the night before at Dupont Circle where a lot of bank windows were broken. At the justice dept., the peacenik marshalls (working in conjunction with pigs) were standing in front of the government's windows giving the peace sign (the V) and saying 'don't break the windows, throw stones at me, not at the windows.' We did!

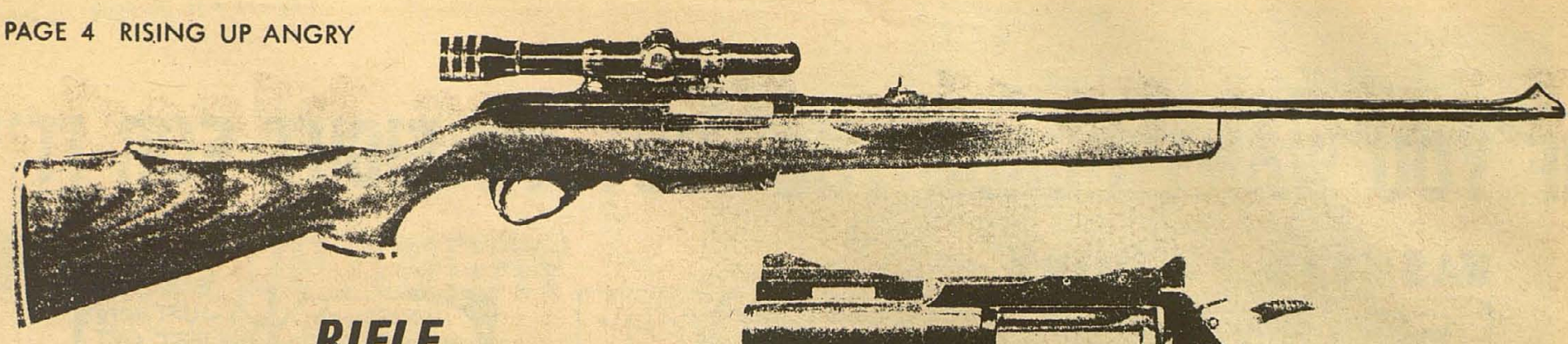
The D. C. pigs were well trained, and at the first sign of trouble they sprayed tear gas, so there were no confrontations with clubs as there were during the convention in Chicago. There weren't many busts, so some of the peaceniks, who must be living in rich parts of America, went so far as to say the 'police were nice.' They'll learn. We already know you don't beg for peace; you fight for it - to love we must fight. Peace through Revolution! All power to the Revolutionary Grease!!!

WE WANT PEACE THE PEACE OF REVOLUTION!

NOT THE PEACE OF SUBMISSION

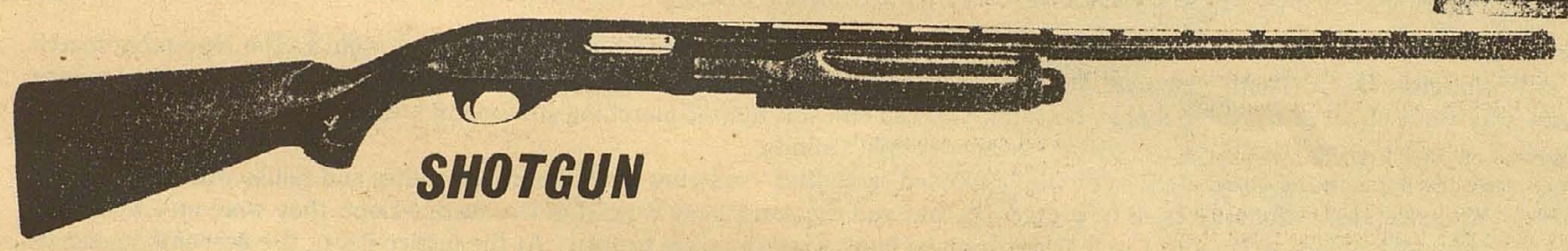
NOT THE PEACE OF THE GRAVE





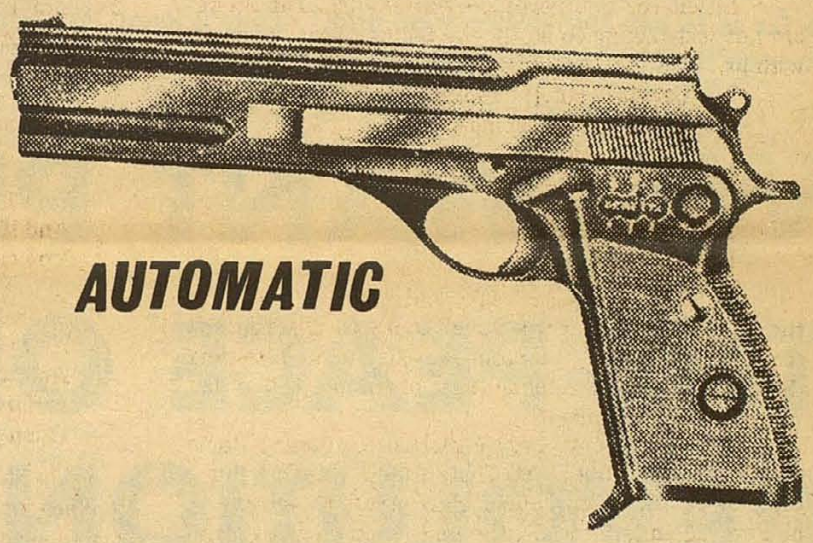
RIFLE

REVOLVER



SHOTGUN

pickin' up the gun



AUTOMATIC

In this issue and all following issues we will attempt to give a general run down about different weapons and the laws that are used to keep some people from being able to own them.

PISTOLS: The hand guns.

There are two basic types of hand guns, the revolver and the automatic. They all come in different calibers from the small .22 to the big .357 and 44 magnum. Revolvers are the most commonly used because they are the most reliable. Automatics have a tendency with wear to jam up occasionally. There are two kinds of revolvers, single and double action. With a single action revolver you have to pull back the hammer before you can shoot it. With a double action you have the choice of either pulling back the hammer or just pulling the trigger right from the start. Automatics on the other hand generally hold more bullets than a revolver and can be cocked just once and then fired as rapidly as you can pull the trigger.

Both types of pistols have the advantage of being small and light enough that you can carry them without a whole lot of trouble and they can be concealed where no one else can see that you are armed. Plainclothes cops have the double advantage of no uniform and no visible weapon. But the one drawback to pistols is their lack of accuracy. With a snub nosed .38 police special you have to be right on top of your target. If you increase the length of the barrel you also increase the accuracy. If you increase the barrel length too much you have to have some help in holding the barrel level enough to shoot. So you add a larger handle. What you end up with is a rifle with enough accuracy that it wouldn't be hard at all to hit a target a block or more away.

RIFLES AND SHOTGUNS:

Shotguns are smooth bore rifles. The barrel is basically just a hollow tube. They shoot large numbers of pellets or b.b.s and are used for hunting anything from birds to deer. The pellets spread out over a large area to make it easier to hit the target. The cops use shotguns when they go out hunting people because of the large pattern or area covered by the buckshot and the fact that you don't have to be a good shot to kill someone. It only takes one pellet in the right place to kill you. At close range a shotgun can blow an arm, leg, or head off completely with as much effort as it takes to pull the trigger. Shotgun shells are easily hand loaded and can be loaded with anything that will fit into the shell (sand, small rocks, tacks, rock salt, smashed up glass that won't show up on an x-ray). Commercially you can buy shells ranging in size from small sand to ¼" balls and slugs. Slugs are just one solid ball or bullet. A shotgun is a good investment both for hunting and defence.

Rifles are long barreled guns. The barrel of a rifle has grooves or rifling inside of it to spin the bullet and give it more accuracy and speed. The biggest advantage of a rifle is its accuracy, power and long range. You can hit a target from far away without a whole lot of effort. Rifles are used primarilly by hunters and the military. Another big fan of the rifle is the local cops. They generally use the M 14 and another high powered rifle known as the Stoner. With the proper ammunition, both are capable of firing through brick walls and almost anything else that would happen to be in the line of fire. They are supposedly used to get 'snipers' but are used in a larger range of killing off the people.

All guns except for the shotgun have the grooves in the barrel (rifling). When the gun is shot the rifling makes grooves in the bullet that when magnified can be traced back to the gun. Shotgun pellets cannot be traced back to anything. The markings on the bullet are like a signature. These markings are called ballistics and are used to trace a weapon.

NEXT ISSUE: Why Everyone Should be Allowed To Own A Weapon.....

'If our people fight one tribe at a time, all will be killed. They can cut off our fingers one by one, but if we join together we will make a powerful fist.'

Little Turtle,
Miami Indians 1791

raisin' the fist ...

Many people have asked what the fist symbolizes. It is a symbol of struggle. A symbol of struggle by the people, for the people. The fist stands for all the people sticking together – together tight like a fist. It means all power to the people. All power to the people. Black power to the black people, brown power to brown people, red power to red people, yellow power to yellow people, and white power to white people. There can't be one of these without all the rest. White people are not free if black people are not free and black people are not free if white people are not free. So it's ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE

Listen to the Stones bleed.

The Rolling Stones rolled into Chicago for the first time in 3 years. It was one of their most exciting shows ever. When the Stones came on, people rushed the stage, stood on their chairs, rolled their dope, and danced in the aisles. Their first number was 'Jumpin' Jack Flash'. Then things started to get out of hand - the guards couldn't control the crowds. But the Stones (always in control) slowed down the pace by doing a few slow numbers. Then Jagger said to turn on the house lights so they could see the crowd. 'Enough of this bullshit, I want you to shake your asses and dance with me.' It was the wildest scene ever.

Just before their last number Jagger said: 'Wherever we go we dedicate this song to you, Chicago...for what you did in your city...you know what I mean.' And with raised fists through most of the number they broke into 'Street Fightin' Man'. All the kids in the audience who fought in the streets during the Democratic Convention raised their fists, too.

Most of us like the Stones. One of the reasons is that we know the Stones like <u>us</u>. They understand what we are going through, our struggles, our pains, our pleasures.

The Beatles came off the streets of Liverpool, in street leathers with secondhand guitars, but they've forgotten where they came from. They're like middle-class rebels: they don't like the government, but they don't want the revolution coming through their plate glass windows.

The Stones make a lot of money, but their feet are on the ground. LET IT BLEED is their newest album; nasty, fighting and real.

Listen for the words on this album. The Stones are not just talking to us, they're telling us they identify with us.

In the first cut, "Gimme Shelter," they say:

Oh see the fire sweeping
Down the street,
Burns the brand new garbage. . .

I say, "love", sister,
Is just a busy word.

Cause all the peacefreaks and pacifists (including the Beatles) use the word "love" today to argue against struggle. The truth, the Stones say, is the fire sweeping down the street, burning all those brand new things that we're supposed to buy.

The Stones have been criticized for putting down women(like in "Look At That Stupid Girl"). But that's a put down for upper class girls, the chicks in Ford Thunderbird ads, the fancy rich piece of glamorous powder you're supposed to get if you buy a new car. They put her down because she stands for every plastic snob that acts like we're nothing but shit.

In "Live With Me" they sing to a women:

I got nasty habits
I take tea at 3
The meat I eat for dinner
Must be hung up for 8 weeks.
Don't you think there's a place for you
In between the sheets?

They're putting her down because no smooth fashion model would ever step inside a house where real people live. But although they've been burned, they don't put down all women, they don't put down the "Factory Girl"

The song "Let It Bleed" is about the way people, men and women, should relate. Not phony, uptight and unreal, like the people in car ads.

We all need someone to lean on,
And if we want it, baby,
You can lean on me.

She said "my breasts will always be open,
And you can lay your weary head on me.
And there will always be a space in my
Parking lot,
When you need a little coke and sympathy."

We all need someone to dream on, to cream on, to bleed on, the Stones say. Fighters, revolutionaries need someone they can bleed on (who won't mind bloodstains on their clothes). Life is real, life is dirty

Side two gets heavier. It's an out-front screaming political attack. The Midnight Rambler is a threat to our class enemies — — Watch out, motherfuckers, we're going to kill you! The Midnight Rambler is the revolution.

The knife-sharpened, tippy toed
Shoot em dead, Green Belt jangler,
The one you never seen before.
So if you ever meet the Midnight Rambler,
Padding down your hall,
He pounces like a proud Black Panther
You can say I told you so!

Mick Jagger doesn't just talk about somebody else's revolution. He identifies with it:

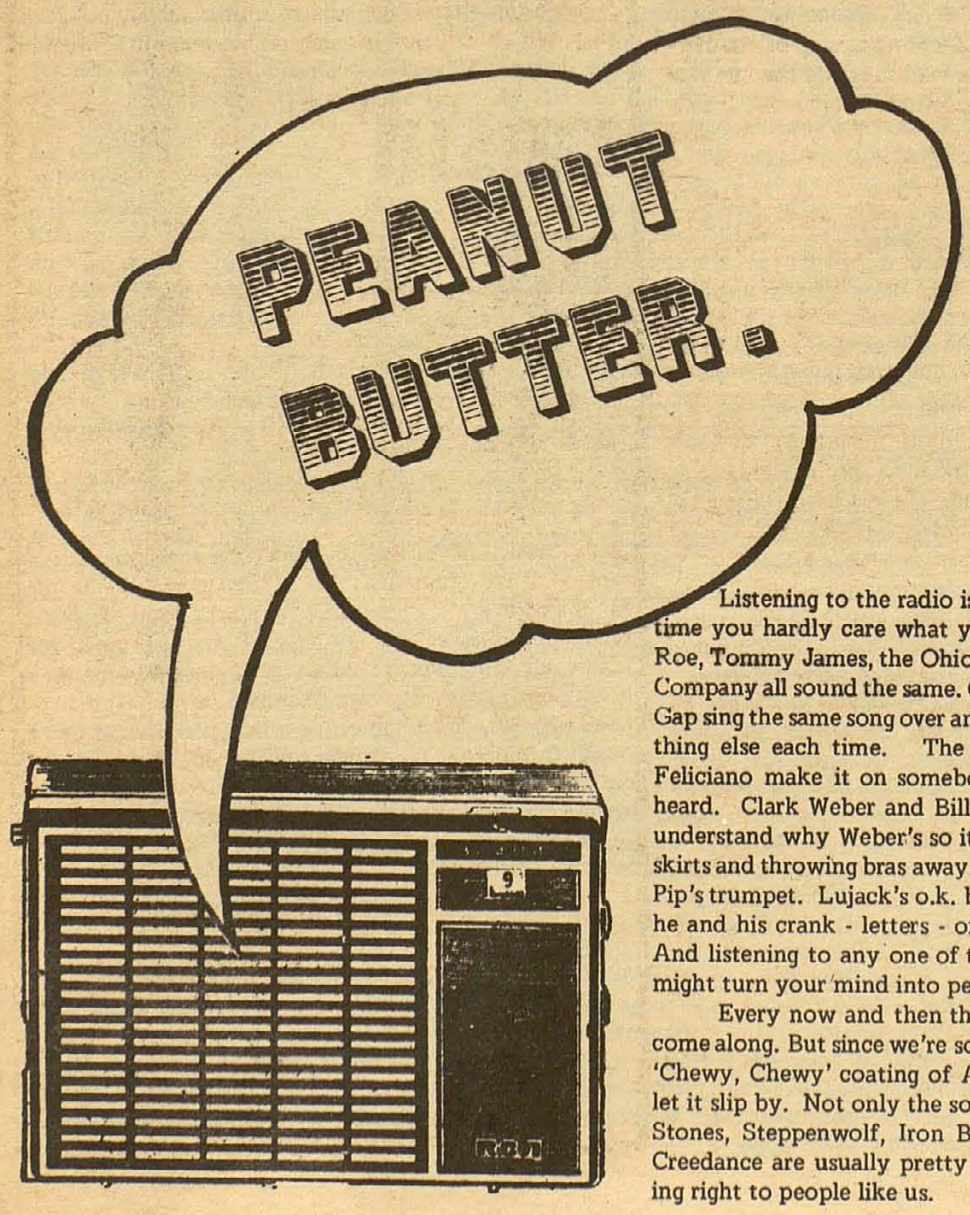
I'm gonna smash down all your
plate glass windows,
Put a fist through your steel plate door!
And if you ever catch the Midnight Rambler,
I'll stick my knife right down your throat
Baby, and it hurts!

A couple of cuts later the Stones sing proudly,

I'm a cold Italian greaser,
A user, lemon-squeezer.

Songs about <u>us</u>, Panthers, grease, street fighters, poor people, workers, that's who the Stones are into. They're into us and on to our enemies.

I put a lot of their words here, because they're hard to understand on the record. You don't need the words to know what LET IT BLEED is about. The music says it.



Listening to the radio is a funny thing. Alot of the time you hardly care what you're listening to - Tommy Roe, Tommy James, the Ohio Express, the 1910 Fruitgum Company all sound the same. Gary Puckett and the Union Gap sing the same song over and over and just call it something else each time. The Fifth Demension and Jose Feliciano make it on somebody else's songs we already heard. Clark Weber and Bill Bailey are so old - we can understand why Weber's so itchy about looking up miniskirts and throwing bras away. Biondi sounds like Barney Pip's trumpet. Lujack's o.k. but he's not half as heavy as he and his crank - letters - of - the - day think they are. And listening to any one of them for any length of time might turn your mind into peanut butter.

Every now and then though, something heavy will come along. But since we're so used to the 'Sugar, Sugar', 'Chewy, Chewy' coating of AM radio some of us might let it slip by. Not only the sounds - but the words of the Stones, Steppenwolf, Iron Butterfly, Led Zeppelin, and Creedance are usually pretty right on - talking and singing right to people like us.

The best example lately is the Creedance's new one - 'Fortunate Son.' Dig the words:

'Some folks are born, made to wave the flag....
Oh--the red, white and blue
But when the band plays 'Hail to the Chief'
They're pointin' the cannon at you....
It ain't me, it ain't me
I ain't no senator's son
I ain't no fortunate one.'

'Hail to the Chief' - that's the President's song. Vietnam - that's the President's war. Who fights it? No senator's son. The cops - that's the President's army at home. Who're they pointing their guns at? No senator's son.

'Some folks are born silver spoon in hand
Don't they help themselves
But when the taxman come to the door
The house looks like a rummage sale....
I ain't no millionaire's son
I ain't no fortunate one.'

That's about rich folks cheating on taxes. The only people we know who cheat like that are people who get around paying sales tax by lifting the thing they want instead of buying it.

'Some folks inherit star spangled eyes
They send you down to war.
And when you ask them how much should you give
They only answer more, more, more.
I ain't no military son
I ain't no fortunate one.

We kids grow up with a picture of America fixed in our heads by our parents, the schools and the newspapers. We're beginning to learn that the star spangled picture is more phony than pretty. They have a war that's supposed to protect those phony stars. All they ask for is our lives. That's all we ask for too. Give us our lives back. Shut down your lousy schools. Shut down your lousy army. Shut down your lousy businesses. Off the senator's son, the millionaire's son, the military son. When the people take America back, when the people run it <u>they</u> ain't the fortunate sons anymore.

EVER GET THE FEELING SOMEBODY'S HUSTLING YOU?

Well they are! in more ways than you can shake a stick at. Take Christmas for example. Every year we spend billions of hard-earned dollars on tons of candy and other junk. We chop down millions of trees and slaughter all kinds of livestock and poultry to stuff ourselves with. All of this to celebrate the birth of this dude Jesus from Nazarene, and it ain't even the day he was born on.

Like it was bad enough when it turned out that there ain't no Santa Claus or Frosty the snowman. Like they're just stories you tell kids. Now we got another lie on our hands. Here we are every year having this birthday party for this cat, and it ain't even his birthday.

The truth is nobody knows when he was born. Some say he never was—but that's another story.

Anyway, Jesus Christ or Christ Jesus was a man, some say a God, others say God and man who was born when Rome had its thing going strong and living high on the old hog. Like the rest of the world was working for them. They had troops stationed all over the place to support puppet governments, keep the people in line, and make sure taxes got paid. You know, pretty much like America is doing today.

Well, Jesus was the son of Joe and Mary from Nazarene, and they were poor hard-working Jewish folks. Now as you know Jewish folks really got a thing about religion. Like it was them who invented the one God idea and Moses and lots of other stuff. So Jesus being a Jew and all was a pretty religious dude. While he was growing up he saw all the poverty, hunger, and sickness all around, and it put him up tight. He saw how the priests and rich Jews were hustling the poor Jews, and it bugged him. It bugged him so much he began to speak out and preach about how the pie ought to be cut up more evenly because, after all, no man is better or more deserving than another.

Now what was bugging him was exploitation—the injustice and the hustling that was going on. He saw the problems in religious terms. If he had lived in another time or place, he might have tried to solve them in other ways.

Well, it didn't take long before his talk about equal distribution, justice, and other groovy stuff reached the ears of those whose existence demanded that things remain the same: the priests, politicians, and other free-loaders; and they got real up tight behind some of his sermons and speeches. And righteously so. What he was laying out to the people was bad news to them. Like here they weren't working for a living or doing anything useful. Just parasites, laying around making other folks wait on them. And here comes this cat bad-mouthing and putting them down.

They knew right away this cat just had to go, and began to devise ways to dispose of him. They tried a lot of things, but he was pretty slick and slipped through their traps time after time. Finally in desperation they went to Pilate, the Romans' top cat in the area, and politicked him into agreeing to get rid of Jesus.

Pilate sent his cops to arrest Jesus and they found him in this garden where he was holding a teach-in on civil disobedience, boycotting, and other groovy things. They busted him and took him to the county jail, where they gave him a speedy trial, convicted him, and sentenced him to death. The next morning they nailed him to a cross, which was the way they carried out capital punishment in them days.

Now people who tell us Jesus was born on Christmas also tell us that after he was dead for a while he got up out of his tomb, walked around a bit, did some groovy miracles, and then split into the sky toward a place they call heaven. Now it don't matter whether this is the way it came down or not, cause lots of folks believe it did. Especially the cats that hung around with him before he got offed. So they went out to all corners of the earth calling themselves Christians, saying Jesus had died to save the world from sin, and if you didn't believe this you were in bad trouble.

Well, time passed, and the Romans kept their hustle going. Their armies still held the world in slavery and taxation. But others were busy also! like the cats who were saying they had the final word on religion. So busy in fact that by 320 AD a Roman Emperor named Constantine was converted to Christianity. Christianity was what they called their own special kind of religion.

Now at this time the sun was worshipped as a God called Baal, and his high holy day was on December 25th. Like the sun was reborn and they celebrated its birthday with large get-togethers and great feasts that often as not degenerated into wild drunken orgies.

Now this kind of thing just didn't set well with the Christian cats who had their thing pretty together. And they decided Rome wasn't big enough for both religions. Like they were up tight about all this sinning and merrymaking, and maybe just a little disturbed about all the revenue not flowing into their hustle. So they decided to bring the "heathens" into the fold.

They did a little politicking and got Constantine to make a law granting freedom to all the slaves if they would become Christians. This came off pretty good, but not like the Christians wanted, because while the slaves became Christians they continued to celebrate the birthday festival of the sun God Baal.

So they went to see Constantine again and tried to get him to make some more laws to deter the "pagans" from taking part in all that sinning and merrymaking. He dug some of the stuff they were laying out, and suggested that instead of being so hard-nosed they should compromise and meet the other folks halfway by letting them keep the holidays they were hip to.

That was cool with the Christians; if they couldn't get the "Heathens'" customs and festivals outlawed, they could adopt the main festival as their own and purify it by celebrating it as the birthday of Jesus. And they did just that, and ever since the 25th of December has been his birthday.

Some folks will say: "Big deal! It don't matter when he was born; it's the thought that counts." Some folks support the war in Viet Nam. Some folks will support the assassination of Fred Hampton. But that don't make it right or true.

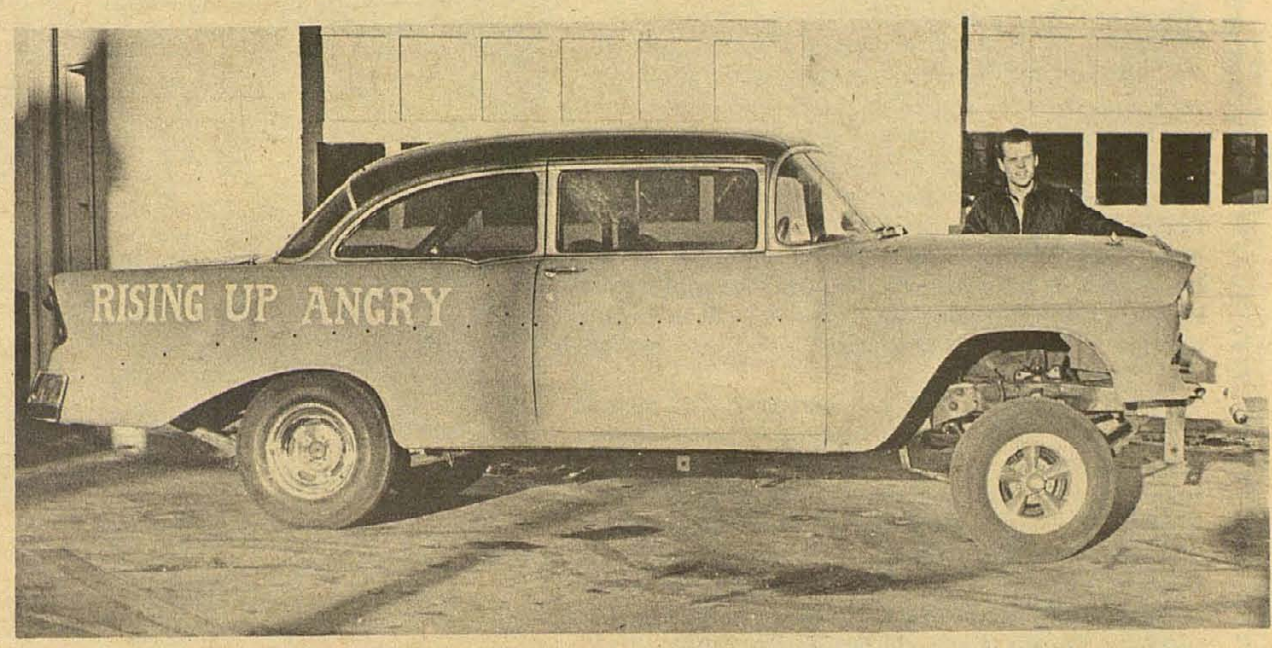
Like if a person is telling you something and says it's "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth", and the first part of it is a lie, doesn't it make you wonder about the rest of the story? Uh, did yuh ever get the feeling that somebody's hustling you?

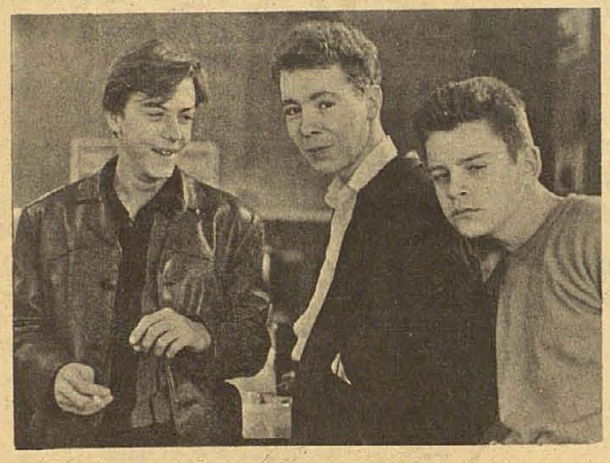
STONE GREASE GRAPEVINE

SOUTHWEST SIDE

Members of one of those so-called civic organizations, The East Beverly Association, met at the Graver Park field house and complained about teenage gangs. Apparently some of the brothers have been drinking beer and leaving a mess. One of the things that came out at the meeting was that Pig commander Sheehy of the Ghresham district gave his men a standing order to check on the park every hour in the evenings.

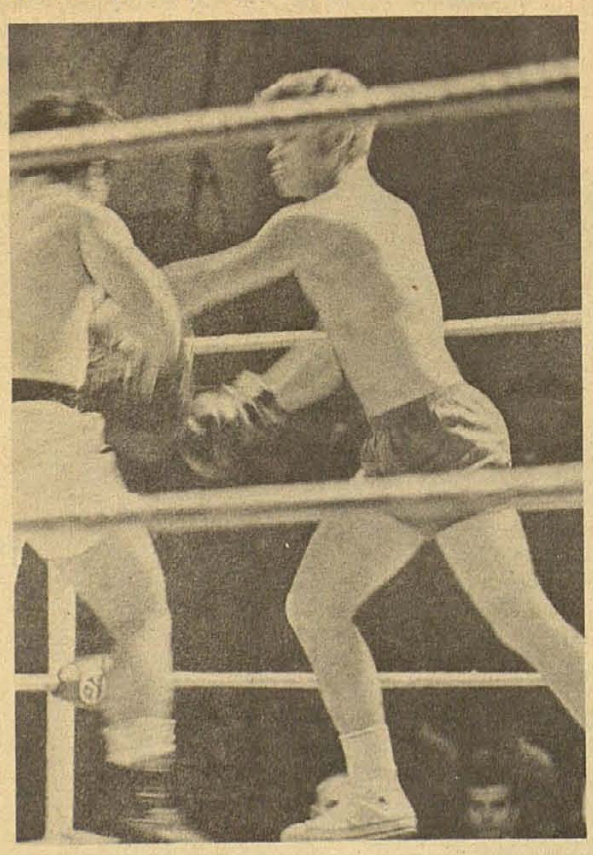
The night the meeting was held, it was cold, and down at the other end of the park the brothers had a bonfire going. Pigs made a raid, but the brothers escaped down the alley. Maybe if they'd get off our case, stop pushing their bullshit morals and old fashioned standards and ideas on us, and let us have a place to go that we could run ourselves, there wouldn't be a 'teenage problem.' But maybe that wouldn't work either; they might get uptight because we were doing our own thing without their ancient neanderthal interference. All Power to the Brothers and Sisters who defy the pigs and the so-called civic organizations!!!





KENWOOD HIGH SCHOOL

People are digging this paper on the south side. Kenwood is supposed to be a 'new' school - it looks like a shiny new factory on the outside - but inside it's the same old tired crap of keeping the students in their place. It's supposed to be integrated (it's 30% white) but students are segregated into 'tracts'. We're all hip to it - they put the upper middle class students in the so-called 'honors tracts' and all the lower class brothers and sisters in the 'lower tracts'. But people got together despite the racist rules. 600 of us - half of the school - walked out the day after Chairman Fred's murder. We went over to the park and burned a paper machier pig in a wooden coffin. Then we walked by the school, chanting 'pigs ain't shit!' We felt good because we were more together than ever before. We were black and white, united in anger about Fred's murder, and refusing to sit in a bullshit classroom - being fed an education that maybe was important 50 years ago but doesn't mean shit today.



CYO - NORTH SIDE

Some of the brothers have been doing a little boxing. Brothers and sisters from Rising Up Angry checked out the CYO semi-finals boxing tournament at St. Andrews gym on the north side. We dug it. Pictured here is brother Pearson (dark trunks) of the north side's Aristocrats, fighting out of St. Andrews, going at it with brother Gillette, fighting our of Our Lady of Guadelupe on the south side.

KOZY PARK

One of the brothers from Kozy Park who had split the army was forced to go back in. It's real hard to stay out – you can't get a job, parents hassle you and if you get busted you'll go right to the stockade. He couldn't take it anymore – so he just turned himself in. Now he's serving a year in Ft. Riley, Kansas.

We got to get it together so that when our brothers go AWOL they can come back to the neighborhood and be hidden from all the pigs who want them to go back.

We should develop networks where these brothers can do revolutionary work and not get picked off right away. We have to protect our own people! Let's get it together brothers and sisters!!

TULEY HIGH SCHOOL

The brothers and sisters at Tuley are pretty much together. Blacks, Latins and whites. Because of this, there's a lot of cops around the school and the kids have to have I.D.'s to get in. Some of us were around with the paper and were told not to stand by the school or we'd get busted for sure. The week Fred Hampton was murdered the pigs were all around but some of us RUA and some revolutionary sisters from Tuley passed out the paper near the school anyway.

RESPECT

"Chicago listed 1,065 assaults on teachers during 1968 ... 760 were by pupils in grades 1 to 6."

Quote from Sun-Times

LATIN KINGS

The present Latin King Organization had its origin in the summer of 1963 when 'The Skulls and the Spaulding - Ohio Kings united under the leadership of Nando.

At the time of organizing there was confusion and discussion due to the fact that some of the members of each gang wanted to have the name of their gang. Finally the name Latin Kings was decided on.

As time went on, the Latin Kings became a feared group, fighting with other gangs or clubs such as the Chi-West, the Gaylords, Joker, C-Notes and so on. The members became a pattern for other kids in the area to immitate and the Jr. Latin Kings as well as the Pee Wee Latin Kings were formed. Now it's perhaps the largest but loosely organized club of Latins in Chicago. Each section of the city has its Latin Kings with their own president. Sometimes the only thing that holds the various groups together is the pride they feel in the name.

The year 1969 was the beginning of the new image of the Latin Kings. Under the leadership of Papo and Tarzan, they started moving into the political realm with the desire of helping their community in the problems of welfare, education, and health. No more gang bopping-Fight the real enemy.
All Power to All the People!!!

TJO - NORTH SIDE

As usual the pigs are hasseling us. Seems that they don't like the Thorndale jackets. Recently two pigs jumped brother Tommy, beat him up, and then split. Then they wonder why we grow in numbers, why the brothers and sisters hate pigs and the bullshit they stand for.
Slick Power to all Revolutionary Grease!!!

SIENA HIGH SCHOOL - WEST SIDE

Revolutionary Sisters (not the ones in habits) at Siena High (Central and Washington) brought in food for the Panther breakfast program. That load of food helps. All power to the sisters at Siena.

YOUNG PATRIOTS - UPTOWN

The Young Patriots Organization is a revolutionary group of brothers and sisters in Uptown. Recently they began some programs to serve the people in the area. They set up a free medical clinic, and they provide free breakfast for school children. Power to the Patriots.

LINCOLN PARK

Alice's Restaurant used to be a coming together place on Lincoln near Fullerton. The landlord received pressure to close the place down. Out of a home now for 2 months, it looks like agreement is near on a lease at a new location in the Lincoln Park area. Watch for it. It'll be a gathering spot for revolutionary brothers and sisters.
All Power to Alice's who Feeds the People!!!

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

RISING UP ANGRY has been going to different neighborhoods with flicks. We're showing 2 flicks about the army rebellions. to gangs, groups and clubs all over the city. We've got a bunch of different flicks - so give us a call and we'll help set up a thing. Get some people together. People's Power to the Revolutionary Grease!! Leave a message at WH 3-1424.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

GANDALF'S

Gandalf's is.....Hangout, Store (Cooperative)

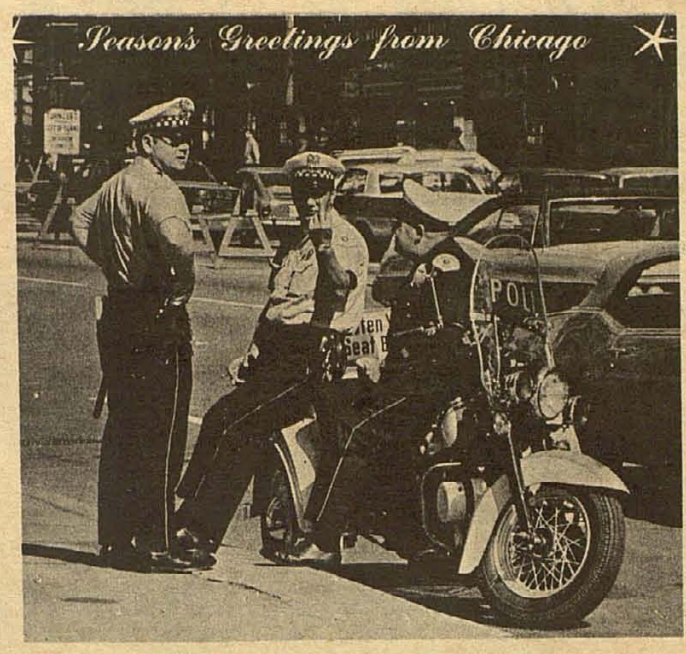
Several weeks ago, Gandalf's had somewhat of an internal revolution. At a packed meeting of over 80 brothers and sisters, it was decided that many of our problems were a result of the actions of one person. On the surface, this person had only the best of intentions. But his actions gradually disproved this notion. His positions were those of Co-ordinator, Chairman of the Executive Committee and Chairman of the Advisory Board. Too much power in the wrong hands. A long series of bad buying decisions, business practices, and the use of tactics to create divisions among our people brought us to our decision to ask for his resignation. Also, after getting the store in debt through bad purchases, this person would extend loans to further entrench himself in the operation and exert tighter control. The person refused to give his resignation and asserted that he was going to close the store unless everyone did things his way. After three hours of heated debate, the people unanimously voted for his removal. His removal was carried out and he then sent letters to several people claiming he was resigning in all capacities. He then proceeded to cut off 2 of our phones and our electric power for 2 days. But the store stayed open round the clock by candle power. The Commonwealth Edison Co. played its game by raising the normal deposit from $75 to $435 to get the power back on. So in three days our people raised $500 and re-established all our services. Lawyers are presently working on a case against Edison & Company.

Brothers and sisters, Dr. Lenin Pellegrino has proven himself to be either an agent of the pigs or a confused and misguided semi-liberal; in any case, no friend of the people. Since his ouster, our brothers and sisters have formed a tighter and more revolutionary family than ever before.

We will act righteously in beauty and strength!

Thursday, Dec. 4. Shock, tears, and revolutionary anger over the murder of Brother Fred & Brother Clark. By 10:30 am this anger was pushed even farther. Five state's attorney's pigs, the same model pig that killed our two Panther brothers earlier, came busting into Gandalf's. They arrested both managers on duty and another brother and sister. The two managers, Butch and Jacki, were charged with running a disorderly house and a contributing charge. Brother Red was charged with contributing since the sister with him was apparently truant from our great Chicago brain-bending system. The pigs also busted a crib and put 3 brothers and another sister in the slam. The sisters were released to their parents, while the bond for Butch and Red was $200. The pigs questioned them for 2 hours after they had the bond. While we were still raising bail that afternoon, another state pig came in and tried to rip off our non-profit charter. Manager Gorilla Dan snatched the charter back and kicked the mutha' out the door. Knowing that the shit may come down any time makes us tight and christ are we ever angry!!!!!

KEEP ON TRUCKIN'!!



NORTH WEST SIDE

Recently (as in the past) our white, Black and Latin brothers have been hassled and picked up by pigs in the Shakespeare District. They're beaten in the streets and in the station and booked with high bail. The brothers are thrown in jail for hours and sometimes days while their people try to raise enough money to buy back their freedom. While they have our guys in a cell, the pigs try to get them to trick on their brothers and when they don't, the 'torturers' go to it (kicking and slugging all over).

Our frustrations are caused by the pigs - especially the GIU - so instead of fighting our brothers and sisters, let's put our energy into fighting the pigs!

KELVYN PARK HIGH SCHOOL

Kelvyn is feeling the heat like most schools in the city. Narcs and GIU pigs are all over the place — inside and out. One of them told a Grease brother (who slips Rising Up Angry papers into school inside the Sun Times) that if he caught him doing anything 'wrong' he'd kill him. Cops 'serve and protect' — remember?

The sisters at Kelvyn still can't wear pants or slacks to school. One day a few weeks ago some of them got together and wore them. Teachers wouldn't let any of them into class. They made the sisters sit in the assembly hall and gave them all cuts for the classes they missed. The principal says it's not up to him. The sisters say he's just passing the buck. Next time all the sisters are gonna wear what they want. And if they get kicked out again — all the brothers are going out with them.

Power to the sisters and brothers who stick together.

SAWYER – SOUTHSIDE

In court a few weeks ago, a couple of the brothers talked to a friend of Rising Up Angry who's a lawyer. One of the brothers was up for pinching a cop's hat and needed a lawyer. After rapping, the lawyer put them in touch with a few of us — we gave them the paper and they dug it. They told us to come to the Southside and hang out with them. We did — and found a lot of together brothers and sisters. One of them was back from Nam — and like most guys who make it back — sure didn't dig it. He took us out to Sawyer school yard near 51st and Kedzie. The brothers and sisters out there had the whole side of the school painted up with names and slogans. It was cold and nobody was into reading the paper — but they dug the last cover. When one of the brothers saw the picture of the guys in leathers and baggies, he said: 'Hey, that's my people.' Right on, Sawyer. Power to the brothers and sisters who love the people.

56TH & DAMEN

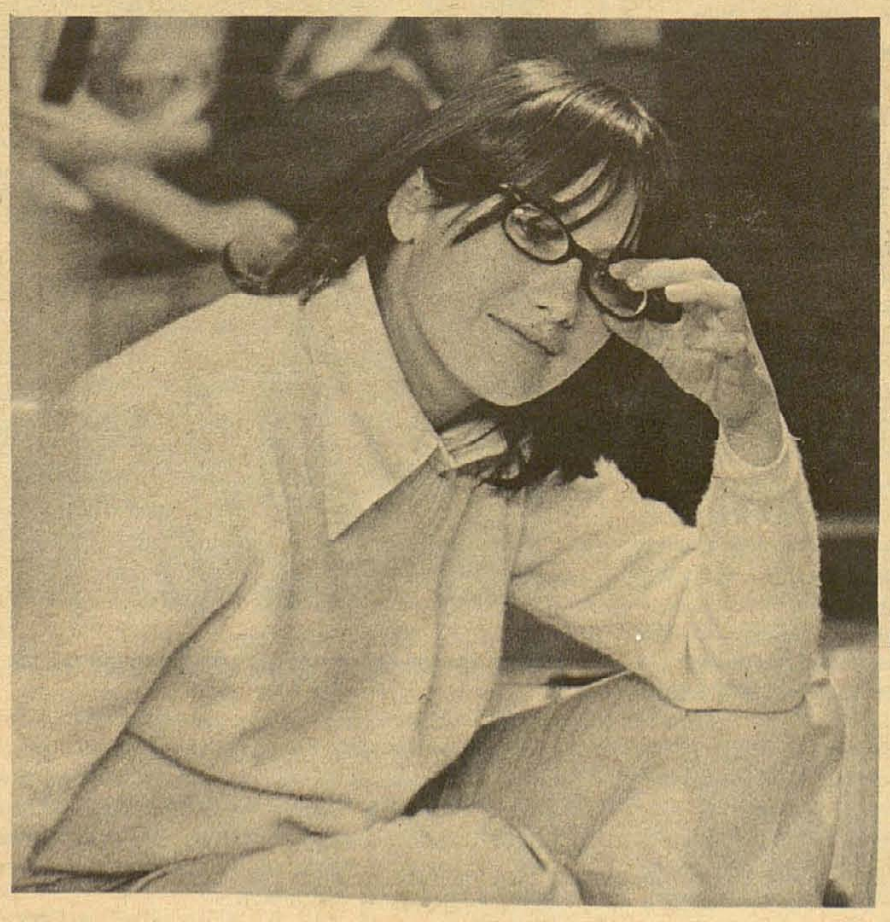
56th and Damen, on the south side, is just another hangout for the typical american greaser — the gang gets busted almost every night. The pigs (to serve and protect) are always on our asses. Don't think we're just another gang 'cause we are!

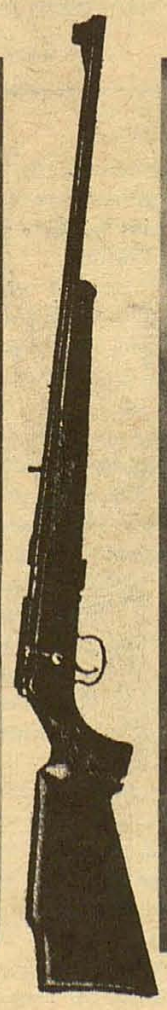
We've got the same problems that all the rest of you guys do. The pigs (to serve and protect) are always looking for a chance to bust us. We get busted for just standing on the corner, groovin' to the radio on the street and trying to make a little time with the guys and the girls — and mostly because we're stone grease! Being busted is getting to be an everyday habit.

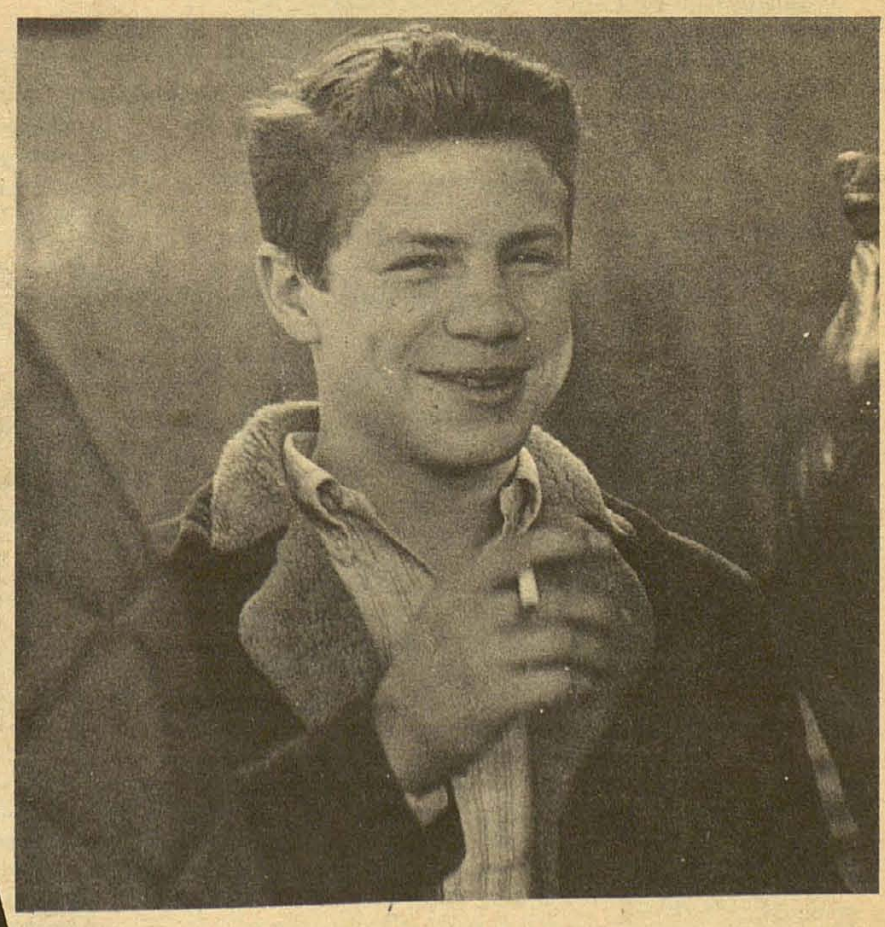
If you come around we'll introduce you to the gang, but I won't print it here for GIU to read.

The corner is in front of a K.C. (Knights of Columbus) hall. It's supposed to be a meeting hall, but the bar is always in use. Like the other bars all over the neighborhood it has a small sign in the window, but on this K.C. hall our signs are painted all over its walls. The store next door is really cool. The man that owns it understands our way of life and if we're low on cash he usually let's us slide. In return for his understanding, we give him our respect.

Now that it's getting cold we have other places to hang around besides the corner. There are other gangs that we know and we hang with and when we fight they fight with us and vice versa. Don't get the wrong idea, we may hang out at different places at different times, but 56th street will always stick together no matter what may happen. There's this guy we sell Christmas trees for to make a little bread for the holidays. The guys do the selling and the girls keep the guys company. Their favorite slogan is 'buy a tree and get a girl free.' But they'll never sell one that way cause it's just for kicks.







56th AND DAMEN cont.

In the summer we all groove to the radio and it drives the establishment nuts. The guys they sing and the girls they dance and dance and dance!!! The girls dance and always manage to get the attention of cars that ride by.

Just about summer time and the Free Fair opens up. If you want to see some action that's the place to go.

So that's about it – and we just wanted you to know that we're alive and living on 56th and Damen's corner. Hope to see some of you fellow readers up at 56th and we can get some kicks.

P.S. During the winter we're scattered all over – otherwise we'd freeze our asses off. So contact our friends at the newspaper and let us know you're comin' so we'll be up there.

GAGE PARK HIGH SCHOOL

On November 3, 1969, Juanita Jones, a senior at Gage Park High School, was removed from her seventh period class, taken to the office, and finally to the 8th District Police Station where she now has a juvenile record. What was the cause of all this? Well, it seems Juanita believed she had the right of Free Speech. She feels very strongly against the war in Viet Nam, and on that Monday she passed out some pamphlets supporting the Viet Nam Moratorium of November 14. She had no idea that merely expressing her opinion through a pamphlet was against school policy. She knows now. We do too. Free Speech is a myth in the schools, in courtrooms, on the streets - everywhere.

All Power to the Sisters and Brothers who speak out at the risk of paying the cost!!!!

CORP

Brothers are having trouble with cops and courts. During the fall some of our people got into a hassle with some city workers who threw something at one of our cars. In court these guys really had the prosecuting attorney going for them. And the llth and state boys' court judge too. Eventho we had our own lawyer coming in, Judge Lee made us go ahead with a public defender. As usually happens in Boys' Court, the PD was made to proceed immediately, having no chance to prepare a case. How in the hell can a guy do a good job and try and get us out under these conditions? Pig Justice is Bullshit. Our own lawyer is appealing the case.

LATE NEWS FROM CORP AS WE GO TO PRESS

We just got a call that three of the brothers from the CORP were busted on possession charges and are now in the house of correction. Sisters and brothers are getting on their case. WE RECOMEND TO ALL REVOLUTIONARY GREASE, ALL BROTHERS AND SISTERS IN THE NEIGHBOR---- HOODS, THAT THEY GET THEIR OWN BOND FUNDS TOGETHER. MORE ON THIS IN THE NEXT 'ANGRY'.

"It is most important that the principal of the local school and his staff meet their counterparts in the Chicago Police Dept. Invite the commanding officer for coffee or lunch."

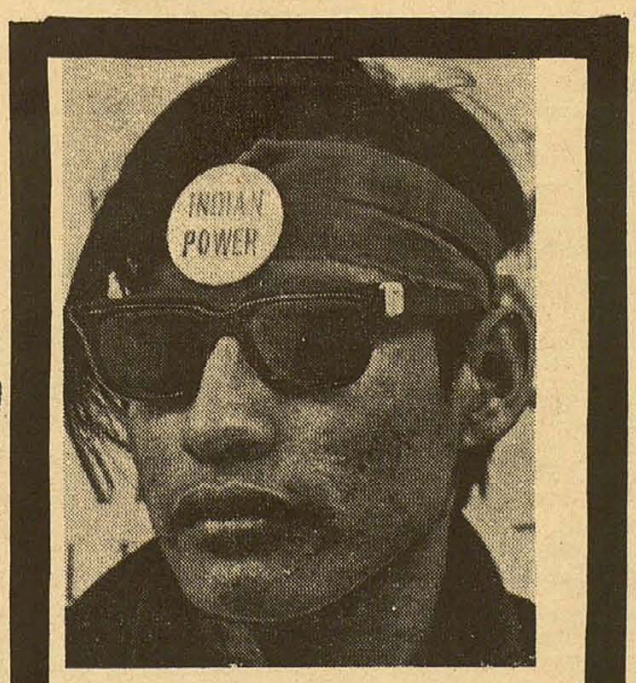
School Security Manual p.34
Board of Education
City of Chicago

YOUNG LORDS

On the morning of December 4, 1969, an attempt was made to firebomb the Young Lords Organization headquarters at 834 W. Armitage. This racist attempt against the Puerto Rican community failed because some brothers that were passing by saw the flames near the rear entrance and quickly put them out.

Meanwhile in Puerto Rico, Mother country of our Y.L.O. brothers, several successful attempts were made by the Puerto Rican Liberation forces and four American Imperialist syndicate controlled hotels were hit with powerful explosive devises, causing thousands of 'yankee' dollars in 'investments' to go up in flames over the past week-end. (December 20 - 21)

Free Puerto Rico Now!!!



This young brave was one of a group of American Indians that camped overnight in the office of the Bureau of Indian Affairs. They were waiting for a reply from the bureau's Washington office to a list of demands made by telegram in support of Indians occupying Alcatraz Island in San Francisco Bay. More on our Indian brothers in the next issue.

THINGS TO WATCH OUT FOR AS THE GANG INTELLIGENCE UNIT COMES MESSING IN OUR AFFAIRS:

They seek out your most vulnerable spots. Remember that! Each gang and organization is different, so not all of these things will apply to you. But you must look out for them.

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1. They seek out people who are your potential enemies. They talk to them and try and find out information they can use against you to get you.
2. They look for people who will make charges that you are extorting money or goods from them.
3. They look for people near you who have committed heavy crimes. Make sure you have good legal defense.
4. They look for people who have severe political disagreements with you.
5. They look for heavy dope users or pushers who can be forced to work for them.
6. They look for street workers from public and private social agencies, especially the Youth Welfare Com-- mission, who think gangs are bad.
7. They look for people involved in differences within and outside your organization. This means we had better be tight, cool.
8. They work on members who are already in their grips, like in Cook County jail, St. Charles, on supervision or probation, or just known by local pigs.
9. They use myths to construct a case, telling people how bad you are, using the press to do this and by going around your neighborhood. As soon as something happens they blame it on you.
10. They set traps for you. So be careful of offers for guns or money.
11. They place responsibility for anything that happens in your neighborhood on you, and they make any member's crime the whole organization's crime.
12. They buy spies and witnesses. They pay kids to join you.
13. They terrorize your members. They pick kids up, rough them up, or act real nice and try to get information, promising favors.
14. They pick off your leaders. So we must have strong organizations and lots of members who know what's going on.

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AVENGE FRED

IT WAS MURDER

Fred Hampton was murdered in his bed by a team of pigs that take their orders from State's Attorney Edward Hanrahan. Fred was chairman of the Illinois Black Panther Party and he expected to be killed by the pigs.

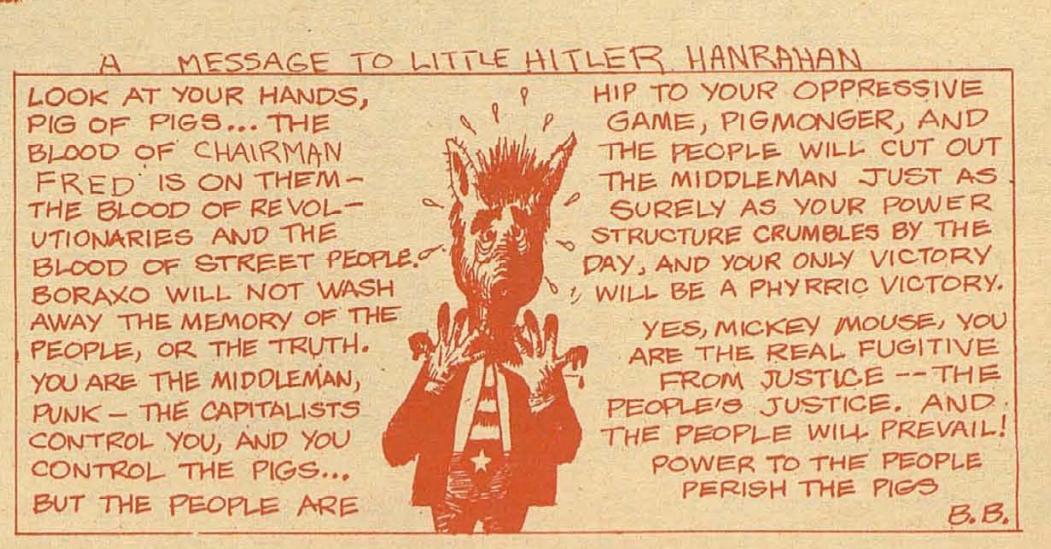
The pigs nailed him, twice in the head, while he was in bed - probably asleep. They didn't give him a chance to fight back. (They made sure of that.) The head of the night-riding cops has said that they waited in the Illinois Bell Telephone Company trucks outside Fred's pad until the lights went out. Then they struck, with machine guns, shotguns and 100 cops ready to move in to help.

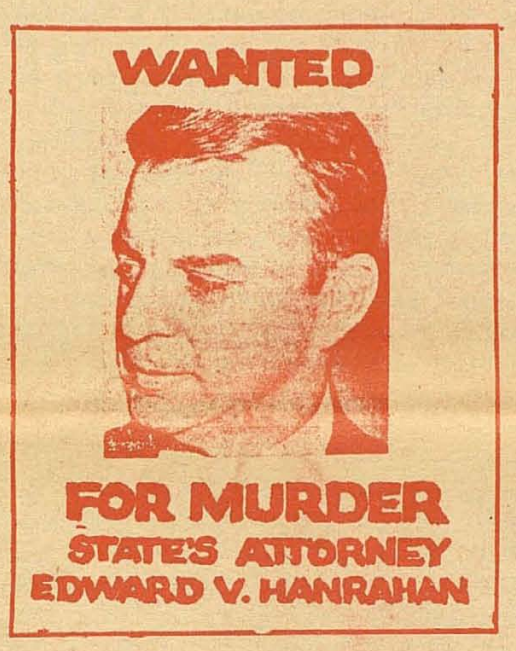
Hanrahan celebrated the murder, said his men were brave, and thumped his chest while he talked about 'this vicious Panther attack.'

It's such a big lie that even the biased press won't believe it. People don't attack from bed. None of the cops received more than a scratch, and all of the bullet holes - all of them - were coming from places where the pigs said they were standing.

The Panthers have guns. They never kept that a secret. They have guns to protect themselves from illegal attacks on their homes - by the pigs as well as anyone else. But the Panthers weren't able to get even one shot off.

There was not one bullet hole that could have been made by the people in Fred's apartment - unless they were shooting at each other. All of the holes are clustered around the mattresses and beds where the people were sleeping. We saw it with our own eyes. The straight press saw it with its own eyes, but were careful not to print pictures of it. All of the people who went through that apartment saw it with their own eyes.


A MESSAGE TO LITTLE HITLER HANRAHAN
LOOK AT YOUR HANDS, PIG OF PIGS... THE BLOOD OF CHAIRMAN FRED IS ON THEM - THE BLOOD OF REVOLUTIONARIES AND THE BLOOD OF STREET PEOPLE. BORAXO WILL NOT WASH AWAY THE MEMORY OF THE PEOPLE, OR THE TRUTH. YOU ARE THE MIDDLEMAN, PUNK - THE CAPITALISTS CONTROL YOU, AND YOU CONTROL THE PIGS... BUT THE PEOPLE ARE HIP TO YOUR OPPRESSIVE GAME, PIGMONGER, AND THE PEOPLE WILL CUT OUT THE MIDDLEMAN JUST AS SURELY AS YOUR POWER STRUCTURE CRUMBLES BY THE DAY, AND YOUR ONLY VICTORY WILL BE A PHYRRIC VICTORY.
YES, MICKEY MOUSE, YOU ARE THE REAL FUGITIVE FROM JUSTICE -- THE PEOPLE'S JUSTICE. AND THE PEOPLE WILL PREVAIL!
POWER TO THE PEOPLE
PERISH THE PIGS
B.B.



THE BLACK PANTHER PARTY PROGRAM

1. We want freedom. We want power to determine the destiny of our black community.
2. We want full employment for our people.
3. We want an end to the robbery by the white man of our black community.
4. We want decent housing, fit for shelter of human beings.
5. We want education for our people that exposes the true nature of this decadent American society. We want education that teaches us our true history and our role in the present-day society.
6. We want all black men to be exempt from military service.
7. We want an immediate end to POLICE BRUTALITY and MURDER of black people.
8. We want freedom for all black men held in federal, state, county and city prisons and jails.
9. We want all black people when brought to trial to be tried in court by a jury of their peer group or people from their black communities, as defined by the Constitution of the U. S.
10. We want land, bread, housing, education, clothing, justice and peace. And as our major political objective, a United Nations-supervised plebiscite to be held throughout the black colony in which only black colonial subjects will be allowed to participate, for the purpose of determining the will of black people as to their national destiny.

Black Panther Party Program

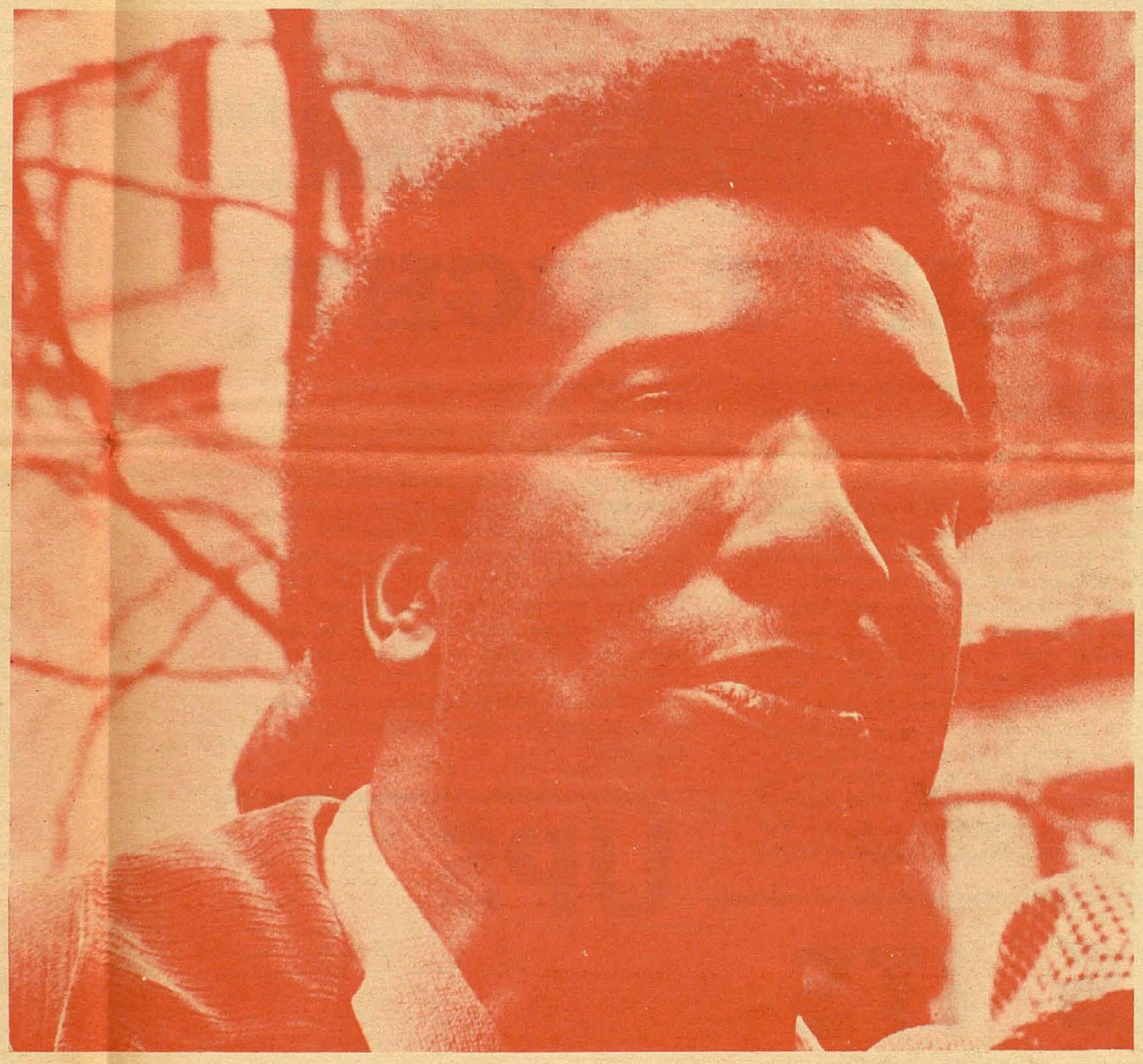
THE CONCEPTS APPLY TO ALL OF US... THEY'RE BASED ON THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume, among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. **That, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that, whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness.** Prudence, indeed, will dictate that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and, accordingly, all experience hath shown, that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. **But, when a long train of abuses and unsurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security.**

FRED HAMPTON

"BY LIFTING THEIR HANDS AGAINST HIM,
THEY LIFTED THEIR HANDS AGAINST
THE BEST THAT HUMANITY POSSESSES!"



LAW AND ORDER...FASCIST TOOL!

"The streets of our country are in turmoil. The universities are filled with students rebelling and rioting. Communists are seeking to destroy our country. Russia is threatening us with her might and the republic is in danger.

Yes, danger from within and from without. We need law and order. Without law and order our nation cannot survive.

Elect us and we shall restore law and order. We will be respected by the nations of the world for law and order. Without law and order, our republic will fall."

Adolf Hitler
Hamburg, Germany, 1932

the peoples' enemy:

FASCISM

Fred Hampton, Chairman of the Illinois Branch Black Panther Party was murdered in his bed. He was not the first Panther to be murdered in cold blood by police and we can be sure he won't be the last. Thirty-eight Panthers have been killed by the Police. Over 200 have been jailed. Within three days of the murder of Chairman Fred, the national Chief of Staff, David Hilliard was arrested, the Los Angeles headquarters was attacked by 300 pigs, and every single Panther office in the country was harassed. Before that The National Chairman, Bobby Seale, was jailed after being bound gagged, and tortured in a courtroom. Huey Newton, the Minister of Defense, is in jail after he was attacked and shot by Oakland pigs. Little Bobby Hutton was murdered by the pigs in Oakland and Eldridge Cleaver is forced to live in exile. Twenty-one Panthers in N. Y. are in jail on phony conspiracy charges. All over the country it's the same. It's not an accident that every police force in the country has declared war on the Panthers. It is a sign of what the American government is becoming. It's called fascism.

Nazi Germany was a fascist government. A police state where the military has all the power. The fascism is easy to see. The first thing is the out-front building up of the military arm of the government-the army, national guard, and local police. But there is also the big increase in the secret police-tac squad, red squad, GIU, narcs and all the other kinds of plain clothes coppers that are around. On one hand the government puts police in plain sight all over the place so that the people are made afraid. On the other hand the secret police go around arresting, beating, and killing the people and getting away with it. This makes many people afraid to move for fear that the secret police are watching every move.

Fascism survives by dividing the people against each other. In Nazi Germany, Hitler blamed the Jews for all the problems that were caused by the economic system. He then murdered millions of Jews and the pigs that carried it out said they were only following orders.

In fascist America it's coming down the same way. The economy is in trouble and the fascist rulers are trying to blame the blacks and radicals for all the problems. If they can build up enough hatred among whites against the blacks then the real enemies of the people will be forgotten and we end up doing the man's dirty work.

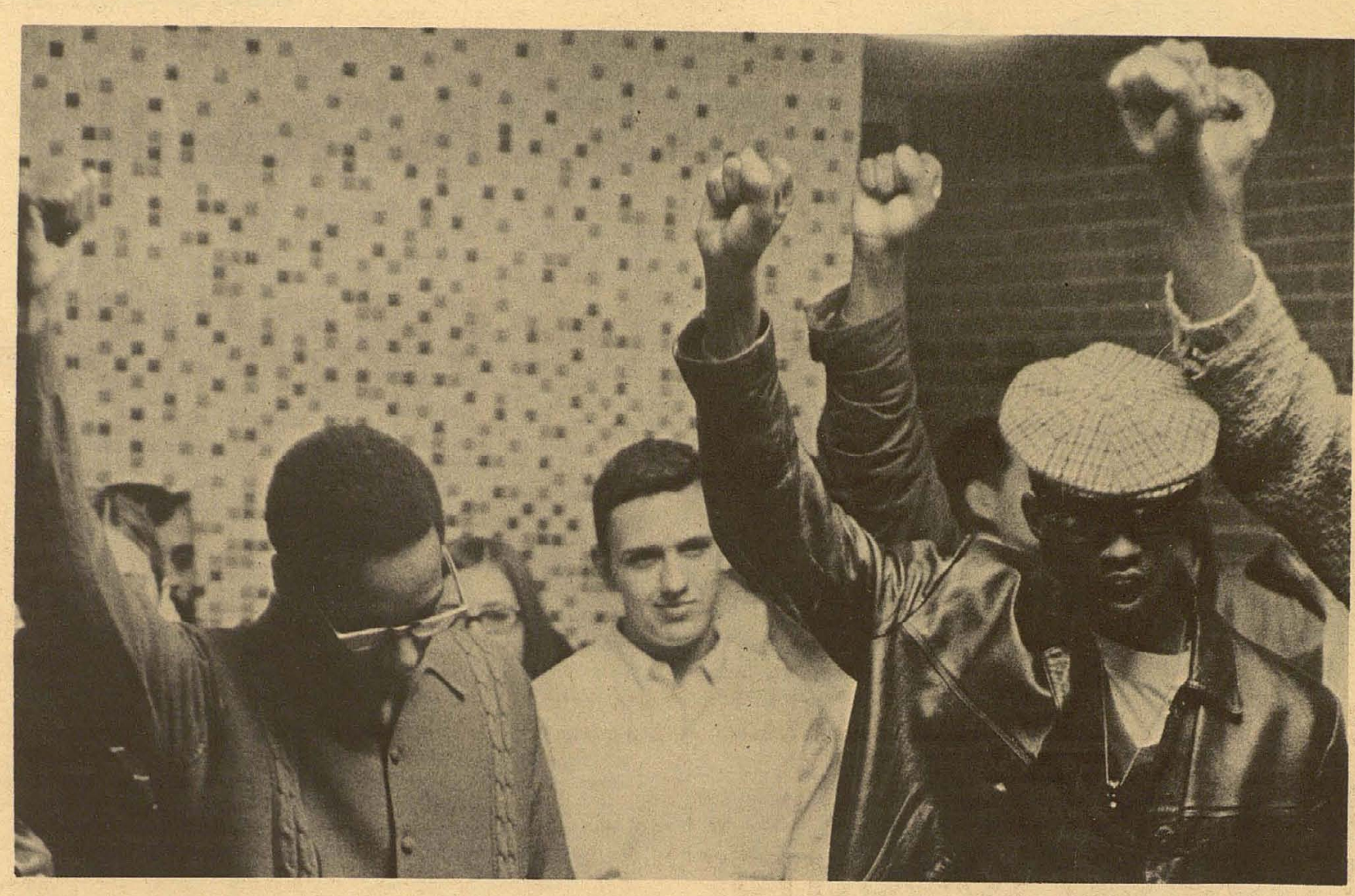
The government is no longer responsible to the people in a fascist country. We have already seen justice from fascist Judge Hoffman. Many others are screwed in local courts the same way Bobby Seale was bound and gagged and the rest of the Conspiracy 8 is being railroaded.

The President and the military gains all the power. We get wars that Congress didn't declare, like in Vietnam and on the Black Panther Party. Control of the news. Not only do the pigs not allow "Rising Up Angry" to get around but Agnew even tries to sit on the establishment media. Like Nixon said-he won't be affected by what the people think about the war in Vietnam.

In response to the man's fascism we must remain strong. When our people are being attacked we must fight back. Things will get worse before they get better. If we are afraid to fight back now we'll really be in trouble in a year or two when things are even heavier. In the name of law and order the fascists keep the people in line. In a line that leads to genocide, murder, and oppression.

WHEN TYRANNY IS THE LAW
REVOLUTION IS THE ORDER

ALL POWER TO THE BROTHERS AND SISTERS WHO LOVE THE PEOPLE AND FIGHT THE REAL ENEMY!!!!!



UPTIGHT AIN'T RIGHT

Things are getting more and more uptight at schools where black and white kids go. Especially in Chicago after the head of the Illinois Black Panther Party was murdered. Hassles have been breaking out some places. A lot of white kids blame it on the black kids. They say that things used to be cool–when there were less blacks and more whites. But now that it's the other way around in some places--black kids who were kind of tight with them last year (at least around school) are fighting them this year.

It's not easy to understand. Blacks can't change anything by fucking us over. We don't hold any power in America. A lot of us go to the same schools, fight in the same army, and get the same jobs (or don't get them). So why are they messing with us? It's a little easier to understand if we think about what's coming down around black people in Chicago and all over the country.

In some parts of the city blacks--not only Panthers--are shot down by cop bullets every day. There are so many cops patrolling the streets that blacks look at them like an enemy army. Kids can't be on the street very long without being stopped, frisked, and, a lot of times, beat up. There's not much money around but what there is usually leaves at night when the businessmen close up shop and go home to the suburbs.

All in all black people (especially kids our age) are pretty pissed off. And most everything that pisses them off is run by white people. Nixon, Daley, Conlisk, and Hanrahan are white. Principals, most teachers, and cops in schools like Orr, Gage Park, Austin, Kennedy, and Morgan Park are white. People who own drug stores, liquor stores, clothes stores (and who throw you out if you're not buying) are white. So black kids (even when they're little) start to see their enemies as white. When black kids start to fight back - who's the easiest target? Other kids. White kids. That's wrong but it's not crazy. We do sort of the same thing. How many of us dust a principal or pop a pig--let alone get at the hog's heads--Nixon and Daley? Usually we fight each other and get into dumb hassles over turf. Dig--it's not only black kids who can learn from the Black Panthers. The Panthers know all whites aren't the enemy. They know the white kids at Orr, Gage Park, Austin, Kennedy and Morgan Park aren't the enemy. The Panthers fight the real enemy--the businessmen, the politicians and the local army--the cops. That's what kids--black and white--should dig on--the real enemy. All power to the brothers and sisters who see that enemy and fight it!

DOPE HAS ITS

Too many brothers and sisters are getting hung up and strung out on alot of bad shit, like speed, downers and smack. Like most other things, drugs can be abused. It's like alcohol. A good taste now and then is cool, but too much rots your body and messes up your mind. Ask some dude on Madison street.

Smack and speed are never good; even the hip communities, famous for drug use, know this. Look at the Haight-Ashbury. The beautiful people hippie section of San Francisco turned into a nightmare because of smack and speed. The Mafia moved in and turned people into crawling begging maniacs, paving the way for the pigs to make it worse. Or think about some brother you grew up with, maybe used to be your best partner, who now can't think about anything except coping a high, at anybody's expense.

Now reefer is a different trip; it helps make things gentle, sometimes a whole lot clearer. But the rich pigs and the little pigs that run for them don't dig it; they're going to use it to hang us up if they can. Take the case of the brothers in Nam, who know the war is bullshit, and try and survive long enough to make it home. They blow reefer, and the man let's them slide. If he didn't, there'd be a whole lot more troop revolts. But when these same brothers come on home, after having been forced to 'serve their country', the man comes down hard on them for doing the same thing he let them slide on over there. That's 'cause over here smoking dope makes it clear that you're against the man. Not that there aren't a whole lot of finks blowing reefer, but for most of us it unleashes energies that the man can't channel, that get used against him. In Nam it kept those energies from being used against him.

But we've got to be careful, careful that he doesn't dry up the supply and string us out on bad shit like speed and smack, shit that turns us into monsters preying off each other. If some people think we're kidding about how the man will use dope against us, just dig what came down in France after students and workers shut down that country for 10 days. The straight papers carried it, carried it straight - 'the Paris police released large quantities of narcotics on the market in an attempt to divert people's energies and to set leaders up.' That's straight shit, and it tells us to be cool about what stuff we do do, and to watch out for all that bad shit.

UPS AND DOWNS

SISTERS
we rise up
we rise up angry
we rise up together

when I was 5 my parents said 'be a good little girl
and you will get what's coming to you'
candy, petticoats and 5 little dolls were coming to me.
all dressed in pink and with curlers.
so I learned early.
my parents told me not to jump around crazy like little boys
and not to be loud-mouthed like my brother.
so I learned how to behave, walk nicely, talk softly,
and to say 'thank you' whenever somebody asked how I was.
I never screamed 'lousy, rotten – fuck you!'
I never did that.
but more things were coming to me.

When I was a teenager, my parents said 'look – let's get that straight:
you are pretty – and not too bright. that's all right.
now go to school while you can.'
school was awful – so I started looking around for a good man.
but there were problems.

I had pimples, people said that was normal.
but some of my girlfriends didn't have them. so pimples didn't seem
normal to me at all.
I bought this stuff from Max Factor that I knew from TV.
the commercials said that pimples were damaging to your personality.
I spent whatever money I could get hold of on getting rid of them.
because pimples are ugly. and if you are ugly –
that's it!

sometimes, when my father threatens me,
when my teachers scream at me, when my boyfriend slaps me –
I wish I could be running in the streets,
taking a rock and throwing it at all of them: at my father,
my teachers, and my boyfriend.
for their screaming at me, their threatening me,
their shutting me up, their ordering me around,
for their SITTING ON ME'
GET OFF MY BACK YOU MOTHERFUCKERS –
I FEEL LIKE THROWING YOU OFF OF ME!!!
but I never could do that.

Instead I went to a city college for a few years,
nearly became a teacher but got married instead.

and now, I cook for my husband every day.
because my husband has to be fed.
he has to be fed well because he has to work 8 hours every day.
his work is important to him – since he has to do it anyway
it better be important – that's what he says,
therefore my cooking is important to keep him working well.

cooking does not feel like important work to me,
but you can't have it both ways –
and I have my husband.
when my husband is angry at his work and at his boss,
he gets angry at me.
when he gets angry at me,
I cook better food and more food
so that when he goes back to his work and his boss,
he is not angry anymore.

when my husband hears the news on TV
about all the chaos going on in this country and about the war,
he gets upset. I get upset, too.
I get upset about anything that upsets my husband.
so I tell him to ignore all the chaos, it's not worth the trouble,
and we make love, if it's not too late already
but no good!

he hates that war because it's an ungly war without end – he says.
I hate that war because it gets in the way.
it destroys the peace, what little there was, between me and my husband
and his boss. they disagree on that war.
it destroys the pleasure my husband gets from TV.
even the ballgame is no escape anymore.
instead of commercials in between,
they sometimes have news bulletins.
I hate that war because it got in the way of my husband and me.

each month, either the rent goes up
or the taxes or the doctor's bill.
I don't know whom to blame or what to do,
but something better happen soon.
each month it seems, the more Nixon talks about that war,
the Vietnamese are only fighting that much more.
even when their huts are burned to the ground
and their fields destroyed –
they are fighting for their freedom – they say.

each week in the supermarket the prices have changed.
I can't keep it up, my husband just doesn't make enough.
I can't even trust the guy in the grocery store anymore.
each week the blacks in the city are shutting down a school,
take over a hospital or a welfare-center.
even when they go to jail –
they are fighting for their freedom, they say.

each day when I cook I get angrier.
and killing cockroaches or washing the laundry
doesn't help anymore.
because cooking just isn't important if that's all you are doing ,
besides cleaning the dishes and scrubbing the floor
and all that other stuff.

I can't spend my time reading 'woman's day' anymore
while my friends, left and right, are fighting in that bloody war.
I can't spend my time staring at the 'beverly hillbillies'
while my husband gets ordered around by a guy
who grows rich from that war.
and I won't spend my time lying to my children
and telling them to defend 'America' anymore.

NO – I won't spend my time curling my hair
while the people on welfare starve to death
because Nixon needs more guns for Nixon's war.
I won't spend my time teaching my daughter to say 'thank you'
when politicians tour the city and ask how she is,
while black and white GI's are shoved into stockades
because they refuse to kill Vietnamese in that war.
I won't waste my life talking softly, walking nicely and staying
away from trouble anymore.

I won't calm my husband down anymore with a beer and a ballgame.
if he is angry at his boss – I tell him to get angrier,
until he is angry enough to fight back
together with all the other guys, the black guys,
who are angry and who are fighting already.

nothing and no one can change the mess we're in
unless WE DO IT AND WE DO IT N O W !
unless we – like the Vietnamese, and the black people
and the GI's and the high school-students and the welfare-mothers,
unless we –
WOMEN –
rise up – rise up together and rise up angry.

until everything that has kept us and all people down –
C O M E S D O W N !!!
and that means:
dolls that prepare us for Max Factor
have to COME DOWN.
schools and teachers that make us accept
America's wars and its lies
have to COME DOWN.
all banks, landlords and doctors
who eat us up alive
have to COME DOWN!
Nixon and Laird and Mitchell, and all the other pigs,
the Pentagon with its generals and its bombs
WILL COME DOWN

because the Vietnamese are winning
and Nixon is losing that war.
and we are part of that war.
we will keep on fighting
until all occupation troops are out of Vietnam,
out of the schools, out of the black communities.

'The thing at Pinkville...'

Pinkville was the code name for a village in South Vietnam, but Pinkville and most of its inhabitants are gone now, murdered by US soldiers in 1968. Charlie Company lost a lot of men outside of Pinkville when they hit some land mines and so the rest of Charlie Co. went in to retaliate. But they didn't find an enemy fortress like they expected, just a village full of Vietnamese people - so they killed most of them. One man, Lt. Cally is going to be tried for murder because he allegedly lined up over 100 villagers and executed them. Lt. Cally may be guilty of murder but President Nixon is definitely guilty of murder because Vietnamese villagers are killed every day that Nixon's war in Vietnam continues. Every day in Vietnam there are search and destroy missions where everything is wiped out of a designated area, every day jungles and villages and people are burned up with napalm.

There are also the Hamburger Hills, where G.I.'s get wiped out. The pigs who run this country and the war don't give a damn about the lives of the Vietnamese or the American G.I.'s. Pig Nixon is the murderer behind it all.

One soldier who had been in Pinkville before the massacre had a cigarette lighter made as a momento of his days in Vietnam. He had these words inscribed on the lighter: Death is my business -- business is good. Death is the business of the capitalist pig fuckers in Vietnam and here at home too! And we're the ones who do their dirty work.

'The thing at Pinkville isn't unusual at all. It happens all the time and the orders come from the top. The only thing different about this is that the story just got out.'

Nam Vet at Ft. Knox

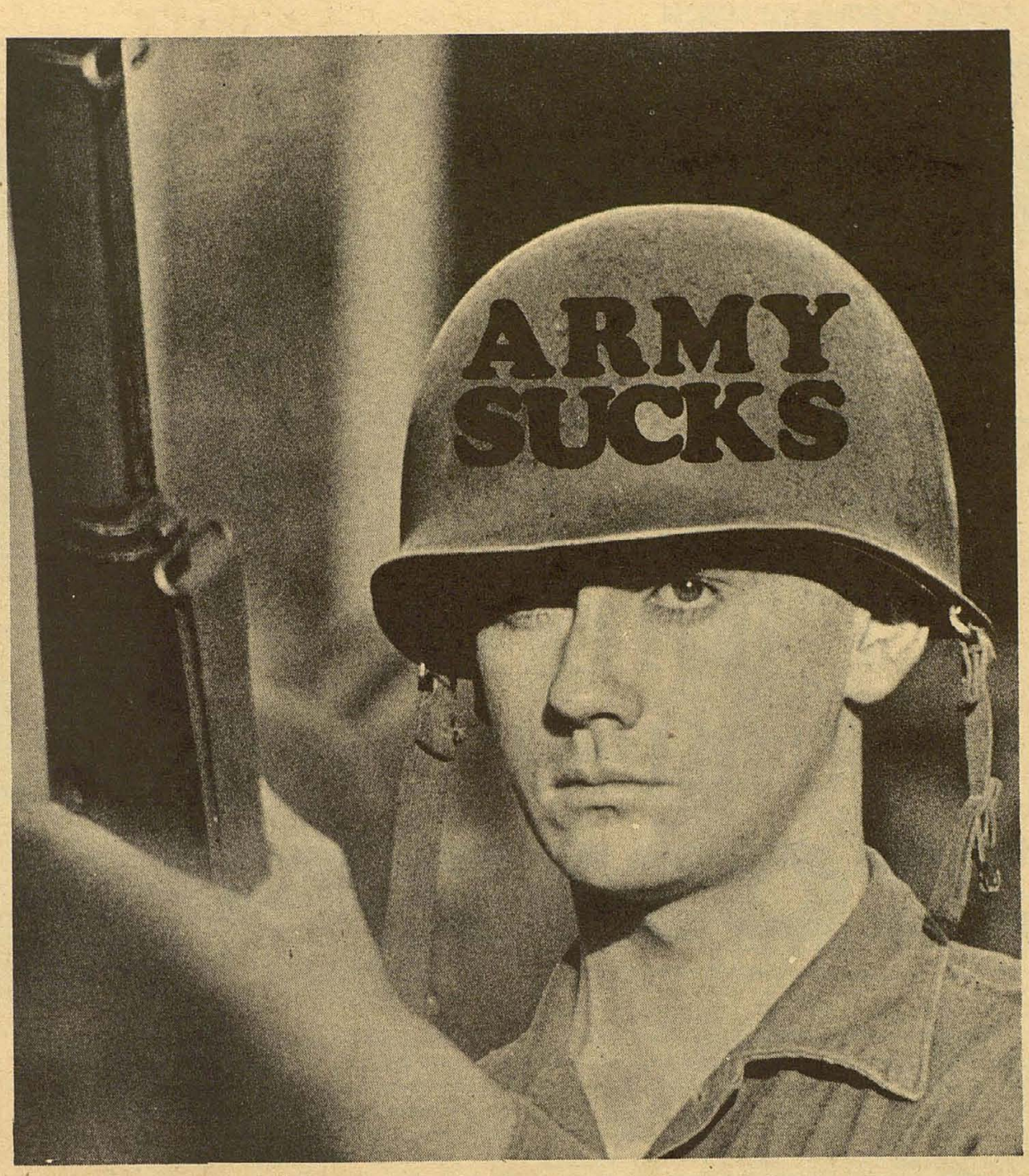
People go into the army for different reasons. Some think it is their duty to protect freedom. A lot of the brothers think that it proves their manhood. The uniform is a sign of toughness and strength, especially a marine uniform. The Green Berets are the baddest motherfuckers in the world. A lot of people are now becoming aware that these are myths, lies that the man feeds us so that we play his game.

Camp Pendelton is a Marine base in California. The stockade is filled with brothers who found out about the lies. We're supposed to be in Nam to defend Vietnamese freedom but it's the people of Vietnam that we're fighting and people right here in Amerika aren't free. Over 100 marines go AWOL every week from Camp Pendelton. They found out that the marines don't make men, they make mindless machines that can't think but only follow orders. Instead of giving manhood, the marines strip you of the manhood that you already had. If you grip on the sergeant and the brass, you'll do fine. If you won't eat shit, you end up in the stockade. Ass-kissers aren't my idea of what a man is. The latest action at Pendleton was a large demonstration against the war. A lot of marines carried VC flags, which seemed to piss off the brass and lifers.

Thirty-eight men are in the stockade in Fort Dix because of a riot. On October 12 a demonstation of 7500 civilians marched on the fort. The brass really had a rough time because most of the M.P.'s were sympathetic to the demonstrators. The civilians came to show their support of the G.I.'s and to rap with the men. But the brass was afraid to let the rap sessions happen so they turned the demonstrators away with tear gas.

At Fort Knox the G.I.'s that run the coffee house planned a Moratorium sick call for November 15. The coffee house was busted on phoney charges like "unsanitary conditions" and high bail was set. There have been vigils, rallies, and demonstrations by the G. I.'s on the base and they will continue until all the political hostages are freed.

There have been riots and protests at every base in the country. The brothers in the army can plainly see what's going on. Those that have been to Nam know its bullshit. The revolution isn't a college thing or a hippy thing. The REVOLUTIONARY GREASE stand with the brothers in the military in our collective struggle.



A LETTER FROM A BROTHER WHO'S IN

Brothers and Sisters,

I am at Fort Rucker, Alabama, presently as part of the firefighters team. This last week five brothers were jailed in Fort Benning, Georgia for giving the power salute after the national anthem. They are now doing hard labor in the stockade.

One brother was killed, one seriously injured, and four others injured in a class on the use of the M-60 machine gun. (The M-60 is presently being used in helicopters in Nam to kill innocent people). The gun was loaded by an instructor with blank rounds. When it was pointed at the class and fired it killed off some brothers. Is this the way the fucking army conducts classes or is it a way of silently killing off our brothers?

Just recently they moved a lot of us to a new location in the post, they call tank hill. It was one of the worst slums I'd ever seen. Broken windows, no insulation, peeling paint, little heat.

When I was at Fort Sill, a buddy died from spinal meningitis. He complained of being sick but the pig brass refused him treatment. Finally, he became so sick he had to go to the hospital - but it was too late.

Think about it. Do you want your children and brothers living this way? To die for the army's mistakes. To be brainwashed and not know the true meaning of all the lies the army stands for. Just think about it. Straight - on.

BROTHER FLASH

DRAFT LOTTERY

Guys from 19 to 25 have a new year now. It starts on Sept. 14 and ends on June 8. This is because of pig Nixon's new calendar, which was made up to be a more "fair" way of drafting guys into his army.

But it's only a trick to make us think that we're not getting screwed all the way around. Screwed by going to lousy schools, having lousy jobs, and finally by fighting and maybe dying in a war made by the pigs who have screwed us all our lives. They want us to think that rich guys sons will be "fighting for our country" too. But the rich guys won't send their sons because they know that we'll do the dirty work--as we always have.

The rich will still have their deferments. Guys in a university will still have a 2-S. Job deferments (which are easy to get if your father has connections) are still good. So where does that leave us? In a worse place than before, because after this year the draft will be mainly 19 year olds, and the only 19 year olds who won't fall in for some sort of student or job deferment will be the guys on the corner. They used to take guys after they got out of college--but that will be pretty much over now. We don't fit into their game anyway, so now they can take most of us into their army at 19 and hope that we'll be killed or get brainwashed enough to fit in after we get out.

Things haven't been happening that way, though. Most guys who came back from Nam realized it was wrong. They get hip to the lies that they've been told about fighting for freedom. The only ones they see fighting for their freedom are the Viet Cong. They spread the word to the rest of us and we fight harder here at home to keep our people out of that war.

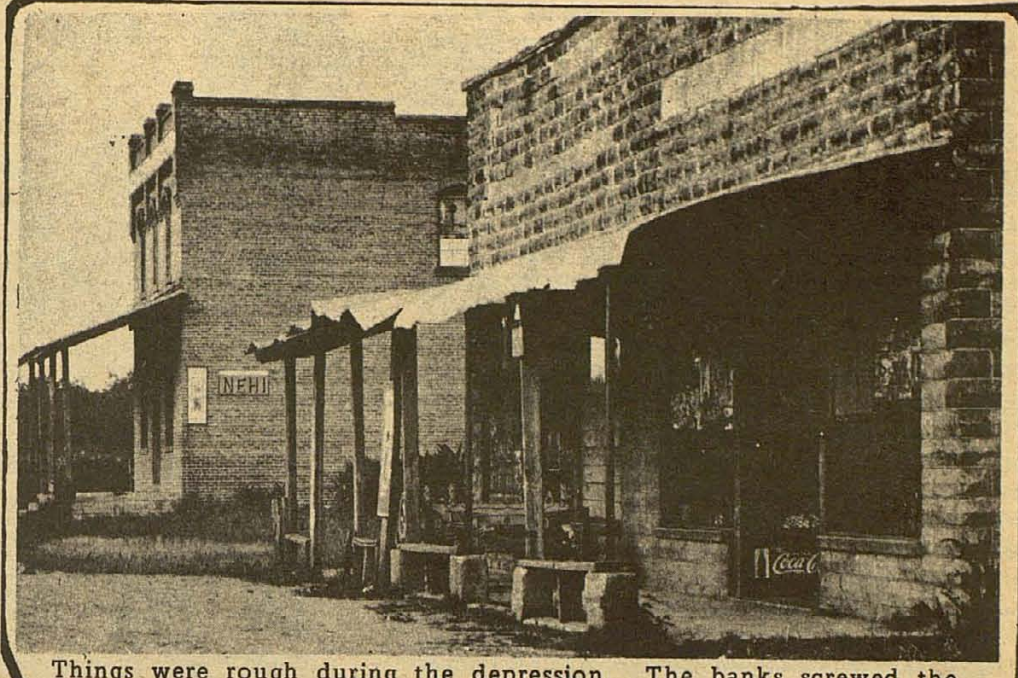
We've got to fight for our freedom right here in the U.S. against Nixon, against the courts, the schools and against the pigs who murdered Fred Hampton and who will kill us all unless we begin to fight back.

IN CASE YOUR NUMBER IS UP!

1. You can try & fuck up your physical.
2. You can tell them you'll turn your gun around & shoot them.
3. You can pretend you're crazy.
4. You can keep appealing your draft case--sometimes you can stall for a year this way.
5. You can split to Canada.

EVERYONE WORRIED SHOULD SEE A DRAFT COUNSELOR -- DO IT -- IT MAKES A DIFFERENCE! For more information, call CADRE, 664-6895.

TO LIVE OUT-SIDE THE LAW YOU MUST BE HONEST

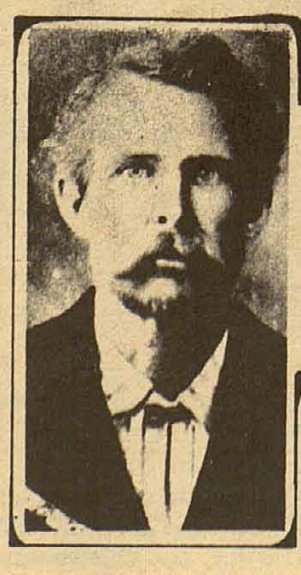


Things were rough during the depression. The banks screwed the people. The peoples' bandits hit the banks. Floyd was angry and he was one of the best. But the peoples' bandits never built an organization that would go on helping the people.

When the economic scene gets tight, when the men up top intensify their screwing of the people, many are forced to fight to make a revolution. Others pushed in the same way only make a personal fight, venting their hostility and anger against the rich, ripping them off, robbing them, getting back at them. These are the peoples' bandits, men like Dillinger and Floyd who always robbed the rich. These outlaws, these peoples' bandits, appear on the scene when millions of people are experiencing economic hardship. Sometimes they progress beyond banditry and become revolutionaries, using their skills to help all the people. Pancho Villa was such a man; he was an outlaw for 22 years before becoming a revolutionary. Others, like Pretty Boy Floyd, don't make this change; they fight a personal battle, eventually going down alone - having hit the right targets - but not in a permanant and lasting way.

Right now the economic bite is on; it'll get much worse; the revolution will grow. There will also be more peoples' bandits - small groups ripping off corporations and the rich, sharing the spoils with the people. Some will make changes, becoming revolutionaries; others won't. These people will embody the basic spirit that turns people to revolution, but in the long run they'll only be a thorn in the rulers side, an annoyance; they won't help make many changes in the rotten system that ties up and tramples the people. Charles Arthur Floyd was a peoples' bandit. He had the spirit; he moved hard and fast; but he went down alone, and life for his people remained just as hard.

Pretty Boy was known as the Robin Hood of the Cookson Hills (Oklahoma). His people, the 'Oakies', were being screwed by the Capitalist banks that wanted the land for mechanized farming. The banks moved on the people, foreclosing on farm mortgages. Many folks moved west with Grapes of Wrath, looking for greener pastures in California. But many of the young were angry and stayed, striking out at the cause of their people's misery. They stayed and robbed banks. Pretty Boy was among them; he turned out to be the best.



Jesse James also used the Cookson Hills as a hideout

Like many bandits and revolutionaries, Pretty Boy did time in the slam. Working as a migrant farm laboror, he knew how rough things were. It wasn't hard to figure out that working for the man everyday wasn't getting him anywhere, so he turned to pulling jobs and got caught. They put him in the Jefferson City, Mo., pen, notorious for its harsh treatment of captured people. He came out hard. Now fingered by the law, he was constantly harassed: 'They just wouldn't leave me alone.'

He was tight with his people. They never turned on him, even though there was a big reward. Here he is pictured with his wife (r) and a friend.

Pretty Boy Floyd the outlaw became known across the country. His success lay in the fact that he was tight with his people, the poor of the Cookson Hills. He loved them, and they loved him. Money was the scarcest thing in the hills, but even with six grand hanging over Pretty Boy's head, nobody turned against him. Lew Louderback, author of The Bad Ones, likens Floyd to a guerrilla fighter who lived by Mao Tse-tung's famous strategy: 'The guerrilla must swim amid the population as a fish must in water.' Pretty Boy moved among his people on the basis of common experience, friendship, kinship and trust. And when he was forced to leave this cover his days were numbered. He ran until the feds ran him down.

It happened because Bonnie and Clyde, bandits of the two bit variety who didn't confine their actions to the rich, pulled some bad jobs and a prison break in Texas. With 1000 coppers, vigilanties and 4 companies of national guardsmen on their tails they sought the security of the Cookson Hills. They brought in the heat, and Floyd was flushed from cover. Sheriffs and deputies used the opportunity to hassle a lot of innocent hill people, killing some, burning barns, and stampeding cattle. To try and take the heat off his people, those who had hidden him and watched out for him, Pretty Boy moved on, further north to the bigger cities.

Forced to hide in the cities meant paying off the syndicate who were tight with the cops. A hiding place cost $100 a day, so he had to pull a lot of jobs. The Feds were trying to build up their image; they moved hard on Pretty Boy, as they do on all little people, while letting the syndicate slide. It figures: little cats, peoples' bandits like Floyd hit banks, big man's money. Like Floyd said: 'I have robbed no one but moneyed men.' On the other hand, the syndicate hit the people, stealing nickles, dimes and dollars, carefully leaving the wealthy alone.

Floyd was good, skillful and careful. He was one of the first outlaws to hit two banks in one day and get away. Once he and a partner were being closed in on by 500 men, but made it away. Another time, when captured, he escaped by crashing through the window of a moving train. He was good with guns. A woman in Kansas City gave him his nickname, but it caught on after he hit the headlines with a job in Ohio where he stood in the street like a western gunfighter, 45's blazing away. He knew guns and used them well, but he wasn't reckless. He killed in combat only when necessary, or when he avenged his dad's death. While his method - hit the bank and head for the country - would be foolish today, some of his traits give us lessons to follow. He dug drinking, dug getting high, but he knew it would mess up his work and he was always straight when there was work to do. He refused to work with a partner who wouldn't obey this rule, and the guy soon paid for his sloppiness with his life. Pretty Boy had confidence in himself and what he knew; he wasn't leery of inexperienced people, preferring to carefully train them himself.

But he was going at it alone, fighting a personal fight. Losing the cover of his people, running from city to city, screwed by the syndicate, he went down alone, machine gunned by two car loads of Feds while running across an open field. Shipped back home to Oklahoma, 40,000 came to the funeral. Yeah, Pretty Boy was beautiful; he was smart and he had guts and courage. But he couldn't make it alone. He never moved beyond his gut hatred of the rich, never built an organization that would help the little people permanantly. He left a spirit, a legend, and many stories about the outlaw who 'joined a poor family for a meal and underneath his napkin left a $20 bill.'

Pretty Boy Floyd believed in himself. He only robbed the rich, never the poor. The syndicate sold him out.

We learn from peoples' bandits like Floyd. We learn that we need a lot more than examples of heroic cats who fought the man alone. We learn that we need an organization, with many people doing many things, getting ready with many guns. We look to where we're coming from - what happened to people like us before, We think about where we're going, the future we have to make. It'll be rough, a stone bitch. But we've got no choice; we want peace, the peace of revolution which means moving the spirit of the people's bandits to a higher political level. The peace of revolution means grabbing hold of this mother earth for the people once and for all. If we don't, it simply means that we're going to be going down slow, just wishing, whining and woofing 'til the day we die. Sure, everybody dies, but it's not all the same; some live for something; others die for nothing.

PIGS... the nature of the BEAST

Get uptight over the word 'pig?' Got a cop in the family, or on the block, or an old buddy? Maybe he's a bastard, maybe he's a nice guy, but you know his family, you know his problems.

For a lot of black, Puerto Rican and Southern whites this might not be true. Not too many become cops from their neighborhoods. But it's true a lot in other neighborhoods. Maybe yours, ours.

Maybe a cop comes on a lot like our own people, more than a hippy does, or a college kid, or rich people. So it looks like we got things in common. Maybe we do. We're part of that big bunch of people who do the work in this society, part of the working class. But so what? Almost everyone is, whether they know it or not.

But it isn't whether you work or not, but what you work at, and how much you're trying to change things. If you're union but trying to make the union more responsive to the needs and feelings of the members instead of the union leaders, that may be alright. Or any job you are on and are trying to get better conditions and more control for you and the other workers, and less bullshit from bosses, or maybe no bosses, that's alright too.

But cops don't only work for someone else, like most of us, they work to keep that someone else on top, and us in line. A cop should protect people. But he protects property and the few people who own and control it. Not personal possessions, but property, like stores, buildings, banks. What kid owns a building? Which sister or brother drives a cadillac with a cop escort who makes sure their investments are safe?

Cops are bound to come down on you if you're young, black, brown, or poor because except for rare cases you are the enemy of the few people cops really work for. Because those few have got what you want and need but they aren't gonna let you have. You might not know it - but they do.

Do cops tear up rich homes looking for dope or beer or murderers? The rich businessmen have lawyers and connections and control. We don't.

If a cop's gonna kick our asses for standing on the corner and allow rich businessmen and politicians to buy that corner and tear it up or demolish it or do anything they want with it, then he's a pig. Even if he smiles and asks us nicely to get off our corner. He still isn't protecting you or your personal possessions; he's too busy looking out for that rich guy and his private property, even if that happens to be the building you live in.

Cops aren't forced to be cops. They do it for the steady money and security. They have to raise their families - they have to get a job. But becoming a cop is taking a job that protects the system that made it necessary to fight and scrape for steady money and security in the first place. It's a vicious circle. But they can quit. There might have been nice guys in the Nazi army but they were protecting a rotten bastard and keeping an inhuman and no good system going. And those suckers were drafted. But if you wanted to deal with Hitler and his bullshit you had to deal with those soldiers.

If the cop doesn't quit - we've got to try and make him understand that he'd better. Otherwise, he's a pig as long as he wears that uniform and uses it to keep the rich businessmen and their politician cohorts in business, and us in line.

REVOLUTIONARIES PAST AND PRESENT !

FELLOW WORKERS:

WE ARE IN HERE FOR YOU. YOU ARE OUT THERE FOR US

In the 4th issue of Rising Up Angry we had the story of the Wobblies. There were a few mistakes in it. 1) Joe Hill was shot by a firing squad, not hung. 2) He didn't have a talk with Big Bill Haywood the night before his execution; he sent him a message. And 3) we forgot to say that the I.W.W. is still hard at work helping to make the Revolution. Here's the preamble to their constitution, written back in 1905.

PREAMBLE

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of the working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever-growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

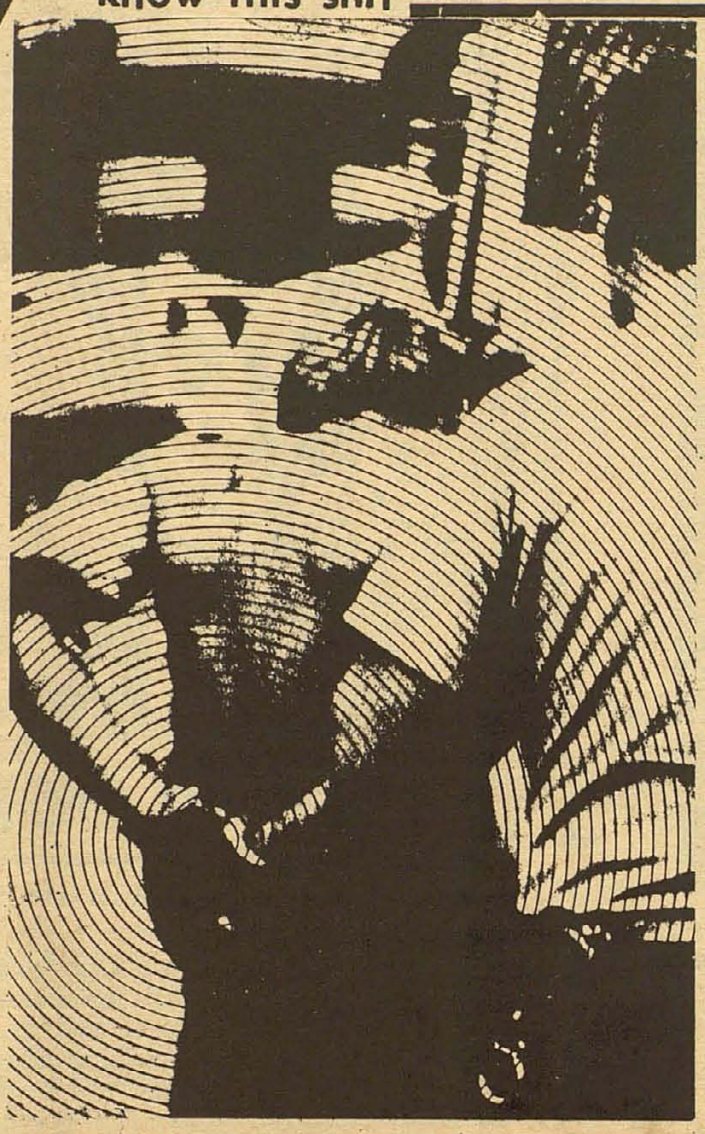
These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wages for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the everyday struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.

Knowing, therefore, that such an organization is absolutely necessary for emancipation, we unite under the following constitution:

before you get BUSTED know this shit



The police do not serve and protect the people. Instead, they serve and protect businessmen and politicians, the rich. Recognizing the fact that our people are not businessmen or politicians, and sure as hell aren't rich, we expect that many of our people will have unrequested dealings with the cops. In case of such unasked-for dealings with the cops, here are some things to keep in mind. They are important; remember them and tell your friends and families. Cut this out and hang it where brothers and sisters will see it. Pass it around.

1. If you are stopped and/or arrested by the police, you may remain silent; you do not have to answer any questions about alleged crimes. You should provide your name and address only if requested (although it is not absolutely clear that you must do so). It is not a bad idea to give an address of some so-called "respectable person" who will cover for you, instead of your own address, if you can arrange this. Don't say anything that can be used against you. At all times remember the Fifth Amendment to the US Constitution, which says you don't have to answer on the grounds that it might incriminate you.

Remember not to be overly assertive about your legal rights, because it might lead to more trouble because of most cops' disrespect for the law. In other words, the cops have authority even if they are wrong and you are right; so BE COOL!

2. If a police officer is not in uniform, ask him to show his identification. He has no authority over you unless he properly identifies himself. Always get his badge number and his name. Unless you and the people you're with have the situation pretty well in hand, don't come on to a cop, because it only invites trouble. Save your energy for a better time.

3. Police have no right to search your car or your home unless they have a search warrant or probable cause. Probable cause means that they have reasonable grounds to believe a crime has been committed or is about to be committed; they may conduct no exploratory search; that is, one for evidence of a crime generally or for evidence of a crime unconnected with the one you are being questioned about. (Thus, a stop for an auto violation does not give them the right to make a search unless there is suspicious activity in the car.) Remember once again—do not be overly assertive about your rights. It could cause trouble for you, because even if you are within your rights, that does not mean that a police officer will respect them. So BE COOL. Technically you are not required to consent to a search, and therefore you should state clearly that you do not consent, in front of witnesses if possible. If you do not consent, the police will have the burden in court of showing probable cause. Arrest may be corrected later. But remember: the law is one thing, and what the cops do is another. Keep in mind the particular situation.

4. No matter what the situation, no matter how right you are and how wrong the cop is, it is against the law to resist arrest. To resist arrest forcibly or by going limp, even if you are innocent, is against the law. It is a separate crime of which you can be convicted even if you are acquitted on the original charge. Do not resist arrest under any circumstances.

5. If you are stopped the police may search you by patting you on the outside of your clothing. If they arrest you they can strip-search you. Technically they're not allowed to do this till they get you to the station, but how this holds up in court is unclear. If arrested you can be stripped of your personal possessions. Technically the police are not allowed to strip-search you, then arrest you, unless they have grounds. For security reasons, do not carry anything that includes the name of your employer or friends. It may be used against you or your friends later. Be cool!

6. Do not engage in "friendly conversation" with officers on the way to or at the station. Once you are arrested there is little likelihood that anything you say will get you released. When you're captured by the enemy the object is to get away. So be polite, try and get out, but once captured, don't run your mouth.

7. As soon as you have been booked you have the right to use the phone until you have completed a reasonable number of phone calls. This does not mean this right will always be granted, but it is your right. One problem might be getting money or change for the pay phone. (They usually won't give it to you.) What you want out of a call is a lawyer and money for bail. So if you aren't sure you can get hold of a lawyer, call someone you know who can make a lot of calls, telling him where you are (what district), what happened, and what you need.

8. You are allowed to hire and see a lawyer immediately. Your lawyer is allowed to be present for questioning. You had better not answer any questions until your lawyer is present. You are also allowed to have a lawyer present if you are forced to appear in a lineup.

9. You do not have to give any statement to the police, nor do you have to sign any statement you might give them. Therefore you should not sign anything except your bail bond, and that only when you are bailed out. Take the Fifth and Fourteenth Amendments, because you can't be forced to testify against yourself. In other words, make no statements. You can't help yourself by talking; you can only hurt yourself. So don't!

10. You must be allowed to post bail in most cases. Bail must be fixed in all non-capital cases (those which don't carry the possibility of the death penalty). It is a good idea to be in touch with your attorney before bail is set, because very often a lawyer can influence the decision as to what bail will be set. If you're arrested at night it is usually good to wait until the next morning, when you have a chance of certain judges (better ones) setting bail. Remember, once bail is set and then paid, it is never reduced.

If you cannot pay the bail, you may request to see someone from social services. He will ask you several questions. Have clear, specific, and honest answers to questions about your addresses, employment, family, and arrest record. They'll be checked. If the interview works out, you can be released on an I Bond, which means you don't have to put up any money.

Regarding the money you put up for bail, you are supposed to get 90% of it back. If you are convicted, it can go toward paying your fine.

11. The police must bring you to court or release you within a "reasonable" time after your arrest. In Illinois, a "reasonable" time has been as much as four days, and there are still people "lost" in jails.

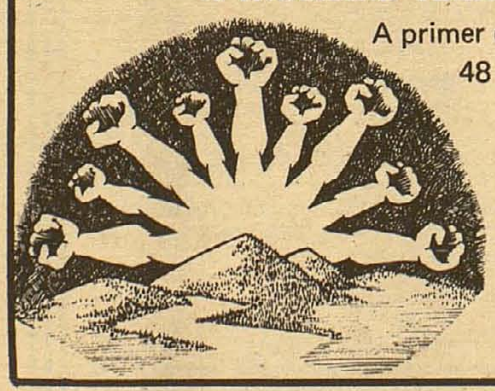
12. If you don't have a lawyer or don't have money to get one, ask the police to get you one without charge. You will have to qualify (prove you don't have money) to get a public defender (prison deliverer). If you qualify, you can request and get a lawyer who is not a public defender. Say you want someone from the Bar Association. Or call the Chicago Legal Defense Committee, 2156 North Halsted (929-1850).

where we're at!

Rising Up Angry is getting around Chicago and the whole country. Some people may think we are affiliated with some other organization. We support and work with many organizations and groups whenever we can but we are not officially affiliated with any other organization. S.D.S., The Young Patriots, Youth Against War and Fascism, The Young Lords, and the Black Panther Party are all brothers and sisters in the struggle but we will remain independant now in order to work in the best way toward that day when we will be an American Revolutionary People that is one with the Revolutionary People of the world. We say 'All Power to the Brothers and Sisters who Love their People and Fight the Real Enemy.'

VIETNAM

A THOUSAND YEARS OF STRUGGLE



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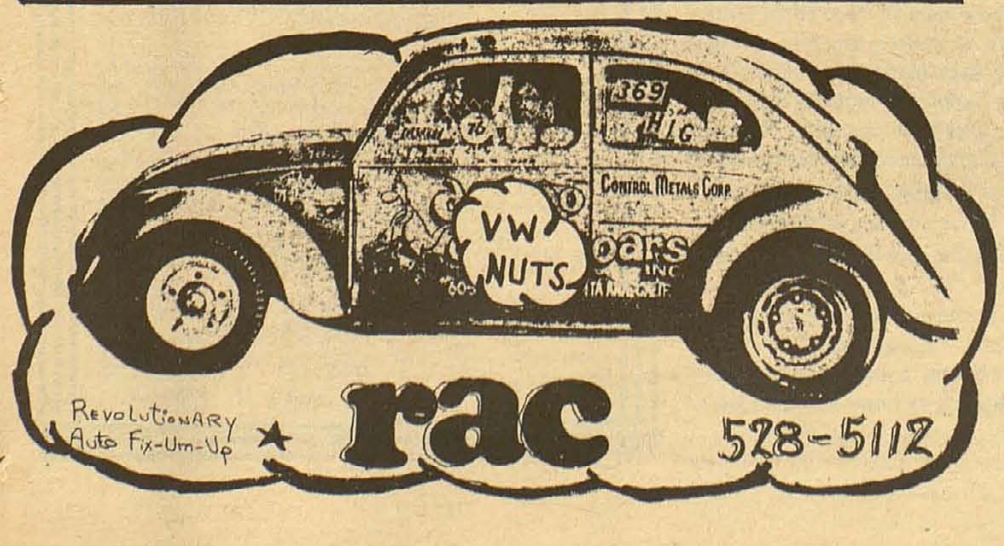

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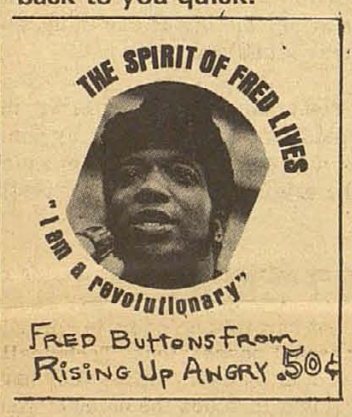
The brothers and sisters of Rising Up Angry do not get bread from the big corporations. We work regular jobs. We have to rely on the people who dig the paper to keep it going. Office supplies such as typewriters, pens, pencils, chairs, desks, etc. are desperately needed. We have got to get a car for getting the paper around. Please let us know if you can donate any of these things. There are other ways to help too. Call us and leave a message at Wh-3-1424. We'll get back to you quick.



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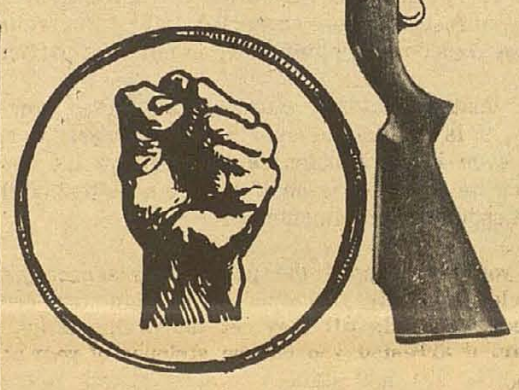

HELPERS

We welcome articles, ideas, photos, drawings, office equipment, supporters, and all brothers and sisters who want to help in anyway. Contact us if you want to get together. Subscriptions to RISING UP ANGRY are $5 a year. Individual copies are 25 cents. Our address is RISING UP ANGRY, Box 3746, Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Illinois 60654.

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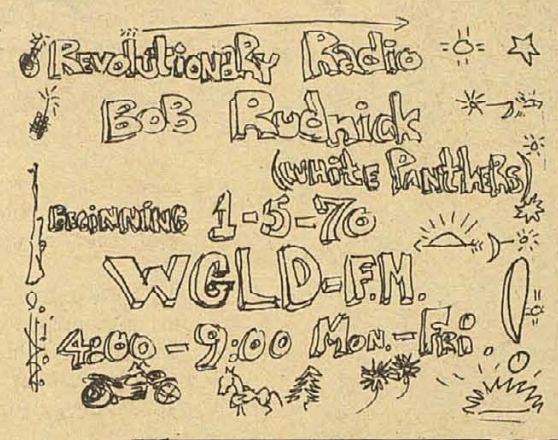

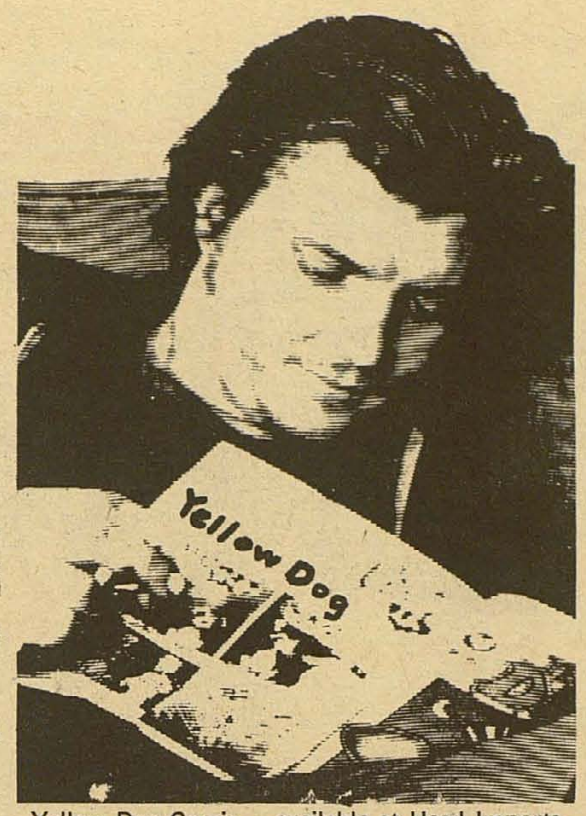

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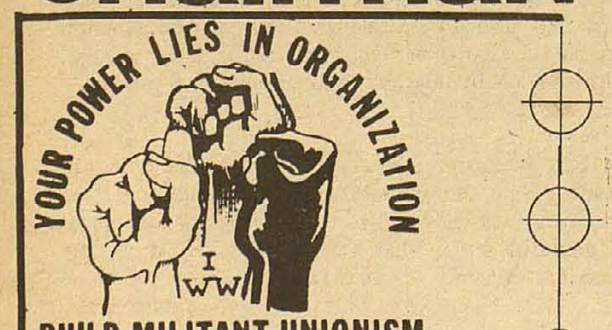

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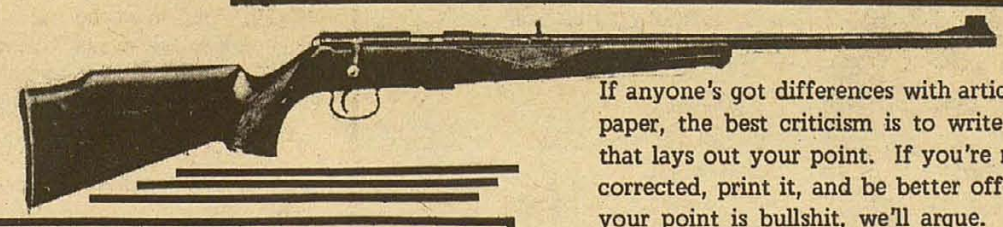

★★★★★

If anyone's got differences with articles and ideas in this paper, the best criticism is to write an article or letter that lays out your point. If you're right on, we'll stand corrected, print it, and be better off for it. If we think your point is bullshit, we'll argue. If you help us 'see the light', we'll stand corrected, print it, and be better off for it. If you don't, then your 'light' is probably not very powerful. It may be bullshit.

REVOLUTIONARY QUOTATIONS FROM THE THOUGHTS OF UNCLE SAM

College isn't the place to go for ideas.

Helen Keller, 1916

It is quite certain that unless we have the female sex on our side we cannot hope to accomplish any object we have in view.

Seth Luther,
Labor organizer, 1830s

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RISING UP ANGRY FUNNIES

O.K. NUTHA FUCK'N PUNK OFF DA STREET—WE GOT CURFEW IN CHICAGO

CHICAGO PIG

NEXT DAY

GOT TO GET MY ASS OUT A BED AND GET TO SCHOOL

YAWN

AT THE SCHOOL

BOTH OF YOU PUNKS ARE EXPELLED FROM SCHOOL FOR SMOKING, AND TALKING, AND SWEARING AND THINKING

OH FUCK—BUT WHERE I SEEN THAT UGLY FACE

WELL, I BETTER GET A JOB— THEY GOT LAWS ABOUT STANDING AROUND

after 5 weeks of looking for WORK

NOW LISTEN TO ME YOU PUNK, GREASER, DROP-OUT, FLUNKY— I'LL LET YOU SCRUB MY FLOORS AND MY MACHINES IN MY FACTORY—BUT YOU'D BETTER WORK.

HEAR ME BOY?

DAY

AFTER

DAY

THEN ONE DAY AT LUNCH WE WAS TALKING.....

YA KNOW—WE BEEN WORKING HERE 8 MONTHS AND WE STILL AIN'T MAKING SHIT—AND THINGS ARE COSTIN' MORE AND MORE—BUT THE BOSSES STILL AIN'T LOOKIN' ANY LEANER—I JUST CAN'T FIGURE....

THAT FACE....

THEN

BOTH YOU BASTARDS ARE FIRED. GET YOUR ASSES OFF MY PROPERTY

THEM WORKERS ARE GETTING SMARTER EVERY DAY

SO..

THERE MUST BE SOMET'IN WRONG WIT ME—I'LL JOIN THE ARMY—LEARN A TRADE, ETC.

SO I GOT SENT TO VIET NAM... GOT TURNED ON TO GRASS—MADE THINGS GO EASIER..

LIKE THE CAPTAIN TELLING US TO SHOOT GOOKS—HIM AND THE SARGENT WAS ALWAYS SAYING HOW THEY WAS WITH US— FUNNY THING WAS WE NEVER SAW MUCH OF THEM.....

CAPT'S TENT

KEEP OUT

FAT

TV

NOW I'M BACK HOME AND I'M HIP TO A VERY IMPORTANT THING. ALL THOSE PEOPLE THAT LOOK THE SAME—THEY ALL BEEN WORKING TO KEEP ME, US, DOWN. BUT WE'RE GETTING OUR SHIT TOGETHER— WATCH US →

MOVE ASS-HOLE— WE GOT LAWS BOUT...

ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE... TOGETHER WE WIN—

THIS AIN'T THE END...